

FRONTISPIECE.



*Read this ye Nymphs & Swains, it will clearly prove,
There is no Joy on Earth, like Mutual Love.*

MATRIMONY;

O R,

The Road to Hymen

Made plain, easy, and delightful;

Containing a new Collection of familiar Letters which have passed between Lovers in various Situations of Life, displaying humorous and entertaining Characters, with short Histories of their Adventures: The Whole clearly teaching the Art of writing Letters on

Love, Courtship, and Marriage.

To which are added,

Epistles to Mr. MADAN on his Plurality of Wives.
Also, a variety of pleasing Dialogues, Poems, Songs,
and Witty Sentences, suitable for Lovers:

With the

BACHELOR'S ESTIMATE

OF THE

Expences attending the Married Life;

The LADY'S APOLOGY in Reply;

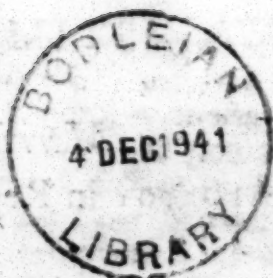
AND

Twelve new Dances, set to Music, for the present Year.

Here thought meets thought, e'er from the lips they part,
And each warm with springs mutual from the heart;
Each full of each, possessing and possess'd;
There's no blank void left in the aching breast.
This—this is bliss, if bliss on earth there be,
And may be found by every prudent she.

LONDON: Printed for A. MILNE, No. 202, High
Holborn, opposite Bloomsbury Court.

Concise Latin Grammar



THE
Concise LETTER WRITER.

LETTER I.

To Thomas Brilliant, *Servant to Lord B. reproaching
him with negligence in writing.*

Dear Thomas,

HAVE you quite forgot your poor Molly? For certain you have, or you would not have been half a year without writing to me or your mother: Oh! that you had never gone to that vile city I think they call it, Susan Gooseberry tells me, and you know she has been there, as how the women be all painted, as we read in the Bible Jezabel was, and are all —— but I will not write the ugly words, and that the men folks get drunk on the Lord's day, and go to vile houses; sure my Thomas does not do so; he used to have the fear of God before his eyes, and love godliness so much: he defyed Satan and all his works. Susan says she is sure and fartin you are false hearted, a promise breaker and a rake-hell, lord bless us, what a fearful word; that were she as me, she would tear your eyes out, wherever she met you. — If this be true, how will our good parson grieve: what a delight he took to hear you sing psalms, as well he might, for thy throat was sweeter than

the lark's are.—Your mother and I cry together whenever we meet, that you do not let us hear from you; I look over the love tokens you gave me, at every opportunity, and cry ready to burst my poor heart, and kiss them one by one, particularly the pretty steel thimble you gave me, for making your best shirts:—Oh! how you kissed and praised me for flowering the wristbands so cutely—but my heart is now as heavy as our great rubbing brush—for may be the wristbands instead of being worn on the Sabbath days, are put on to go and see some stage play—or thrown round the neck of your new sweetheart, as sure as a gun, Susan says they are, do tell me truly:—I would not hurt thy eyes for all the varfel world, and our great 'squire's estate into the bargain; those pretty eyes that used to look as thof they would eat me up with love,—I doates on you so, I would not hurt a hair of thy head, nor thy new sweetheart's neither, for mayhap thou would cry, and I could not bear to see it, though your love makes me cry till I am almost blind;—I will not hate thy new sweetheart, but do not let me love her, I will die first, but I will not haunt thee as Margery Constant did Giles Spendthrift, but poor creature she hanged herself upon a willow—but I shall die a natural death, for I am sure my heart will burst to hear of thy being married to another, after the silver fixpence we broke between us; I prayed thy mother to let it be buried with me.—This is all blots and blurs with my tears; thy mother sends thee her duty, and I my blessing and a hundred loves: thy poor terrier takes on mainly, but I gives him good things, and lets him lye upon my bed, and covers him with the rug. Prithce write one letter to keep our hearts from bursting.

Thy forsaken

Molly Lovemuch.

LET.

LETTERS, &c.

5

LETTER II.

Tom Brilliant's *Answer*.

STOP my vitals Molly, if I was not the best tempered fellow in the world, and had a pendant,† for all your sexes, should never have answered your strange letter:—split my windpipe, tis enough to give one the blue devils—why girl, thou art absolutely con-pos-mentus, and ought to be (as my lord's gentleman says) in some commerons scureiy,* but this is above thy comprehension, and your parson's too; but I am learned, very learned, very bright indeed,—the nobleman I live with is the greatest genis in England, his gentleman understands every-thing, and I studys under him some hours every day—have got a fine smattering of the French tongue—shall be perfect when we return from Paris, whe we go biing to it, § that is in nglish, soon; as to Susan Gooseberry, shee is a brimstone b——h; d——n me, and has smarted for her knowledge, yes, yes, she has known trap, the stupefaction seize me if she has not, but she is below my notice, and may go to hell, for what I care;—as to painting, 'tis fashionable, and gives a brilmony to the eyes—the Bible child, is what no person of taste reads—in its place, for my Sunday's study, have bought the Pupil of Pleasure, 'tis a divine book, my lord says, and so indeed it is. When I am fatigued with study, I repair to some bagnio for taxation,‡ there are elegant girls at those places—some of them adore me—I warble them opera tunes, made by tallions; I detest horritores; they are so like psalm singing—the rishbands were out of fashion, so got our Scullion to rip them off and put them in her fire. You talk

† Pendant. * Camera obscura. § Bien tout. ‡ Relaxation.

of breaking hearts, all idle stuff—I shan't marry rat me, without it be a cit's daughter, that will bring me a monstrous sight of money, that I may loll in my crane neck chariot—why should I be satisfied without a valuable consideration, when I can range at large—at this present writing there are two ladies of stinction dying for me, but mum for that, I can keep a secret, split me—the Terrier I still have a hankering after, but could not bear the brute near me, for should he smell of a fox earth, I should faint—my nerves are so delicate, cannot bear vile smells, yew d'luce and some perrill constantly use, tell mother I would have sent her a few shillings, but obliged to go to the play every night, being a critic, so have no money to throw away upon old women—thy tale of the sixpence, is truly laughable, ha, ha, ha, prithee if thou dies, visit us in the housekeeper's store-room; Lord G—his moonseet and mademfelli (who by the by is a sweet creature) would be delighted to see a ghost, 'tis so novel, but this long letter has given me the horrors, must take a glass of my lord's best cordial, and lye down to compose myself—No more of your letters, they will never be read by

Tom Brilliant.

LETTER III.

To a Young Lady, his intended Bride, from a Naval Officer going to America.

Dear Nanny,

IN a few hours I shall lose sight of my native land—Oh! with what regret; as I there leave my soul's treasure, my amiable, my kind, my lovely Nanny. Oh cruel fortune, to separate those whom love has joined, and sympathy made one.—Our parting hangs so heavy on my heart, can scarce do
my

LETTERS, &c.

7

my duty, am peevish, impatient, or harsh to all around me. S——n laughs and asks what is become of my philosophy? What indeed; for I now prove, that all philosophy is weak to love. Have a thousand fears about you; tremble lest our parting should effect your health, thy exquisite sensibility and delicate frame, are ill fitted to bear the boisterous winds of adversity; but my love, exert yourself, keep up your spirits for my sake. I trust heaven will return me safe to those dear arms, then will I with the tenderest care watch over thee, guard thee from danger, and if possible prevent thy every wish, for thou art worthy of every thing; those fine eyes and agreeable person, are the least of thy perfections; those, time or sickness may change, but thy exalted mind, refined ideas, benevolent heart, will make thee ever pleasing.—I must conclude, as the packet is going off.—Have your bracelet every day, gaze on it, and waft a tender sigh, to
your faithful devoted

Henry.

P. S. Write to me at St. Helen's; Sir W——m will send it.

LETTER IV.

The Young Lady's Answer.

MY dear Henry's kind letter, roused me from the lethargic melancholy I had been in, since his departure—I will for the future guard against dejection, which had like to have been attended with fatal consequences, as my head as well as my heart, was affected.—Did my Henry lose his fortitude too? Alas! though I am pleased with every proof of thy love, cannot bear to think of giving thee pain.

Capt.,

Capt. O——y did me the honor to bring your letter to my lodgings—he stayed above two hours, said many handsome things of you—I was all ear. At taking leave, he said my behaviour, when you was mentioned, convinced him the poet was right, where he makes Sigismunda say, “No—thing is so pleasing to the heart of woman, as “to hear the praises of the man she loves.”

You pretended not to know your destination; Sir W——n says you go to America; I wish it were to any other place, but hope you will do your duty, whatever may be your private opinion, you are at present, His Majesty's servant, in a double sense of the word—you are to lead a set of brave men on, to victory, slavery or death—tis a great charge, should either of the latter happen, through obstinacy, party-fudes or any misconduct in you, it would wither all your former laurels, and blast your fame for ever.—Dear as you are to my fond heart, had rather have to weep for your death than blush for thy loss of honor.

The bracelet you gave me, I wear day and night, and often kiss thy dear resemblance—I see Lady M——'s coach at the door; she comes to take me to the play—but ah! how insipid are all pleasures now!—God protect thee,

and send thee to thy faithfull

Nanny.

Ely swift ye minutes, ye measure time for me in vain,

'Till you bring back my Henry again;

Be swifter now, and to redeem the wrong,

When he and I e'er meet, be twice as long.

LET-

LETTER V.

Letter to Sukey Giddy, from a Yorkshire Esquire.

Dear Miss

MY father and your uncle being old friends, and cater-cousins as a man may say, have a mind to be nearer related, by joining you and I in wedlock—as you are a pretty tight lass, and have the rhino, I have no objection to it—if I ever marry, why not you as well as another, and father will have me married, that we may have heirs to our estate, and he thinks a cross between you and I, will be for the good of posterity—there will be a good estate for our eldest son, the wood upon it, which groans for the hatchet, and your fortune, will portion out the younger bairns; so Miss, say but the word, and the old folks shall set the lawyers to work directly—their business being done, parson Bumper shall snackle us, and I will make you mistress of Jolter Hall in a crack—tho' I cannot talk any foreign lingo, am no fool, no, no, I understands which side my bread is buttered on, I promise you; then, I am sound wind and limbs, as sound as a roach, which is more than your town blades can say, then I'll sing a ditty, “Tallio” or “Bumper 'squire Jones,” with any he in the county, and beat him in at the bargain—f' blood I'll distance him hollow—then I plays a good stick on the fiddle, and can dance Butter'd peas, Margery Cree, and old Roger of Coverley fearly—but for a view hollow, I am past beat—at him, my little honeys, at him—hark! into cover, hark!—now Miss, with all these qualities, I may have a wife whenever I please—so don't stand shilly shally, but take me while you may; my kind love to your uncle, wish he could go a hunting

ing, would mount him upon my bay horse, which is never flung out—then, should he see fair maid, and rover, the former excellent at a scent—the latter never gives mouth, but when sure.—I am Miss, (wishing us soon between a pair of sheets together)

Your loving sweetheart,
Samuel Foxchase.

LETTER VI.

Sukey Giddy's *Answer*.

Mr. Foxchase,

YOUR impertinent letter I have burnt, as I would the writer, if in my power—why thou brute, thou art worse than a Hottentot, and as the dear play says, "sure tygers nursed thee in some desert shade."—O! how I doats on plays—have been at York these two months, and go to a play every time they act—'tis well worth while, if it was but to see the divine K...le and charming C.....—In...d is a pretty fellow, and will be a good actor—but what know you of actors, Mr. Savage? for that's thy proper name; I detest thee more than ever, now I have been at this sweet city—Oh! what handsome red coats they have here—am learning to dance, in the ton, as fine ladies call it—when I can walk a minuet with a grace, I will have a smart cockade for my partner—but I love the Percys, and Jaf-fairs better.—O! I will love thee, even in madness love thee—and so I could, I shall be at age the 2d. of April, then, will love who I please, marry who I please—but Mrs. Wheedle says 'tis foolish to marry, she wishes she had never married, she said to me this day, why Miss, will you, who are so handsome, tie yourself to one man, when
you

you have charms to gain the whole sex? — Mrs. Weedle is a sensible woman, Miss Flirt, too, who is a fine woman, and sings well, bids me be sure not to marry, till wrinkles furrow my brow — my fortune will get me a husband at any time, I'll take their advice and as the song says, with "men kiss, toy and play, but hang me if I marry" — My uncle is so cross, there is no bearing him, he hates all my visitors, but particularly Miss Flirt — but who minds (says Capt. F —) what old square toes says, not Sukey, I assure you, Foxchase, if you come here, my female friends will roast you — and the divine Jaffier pink you in a duel — so Savage, that you would beware of cold iron, is the advice of

Sukey Giddy.

LETTER VII.

The Esquire's Reply.

D . . N you miss impudence, you crow on at a fine rate, with your York journey — may my best horse founder, if I believe you are any better than you should be — plays, quoth I, the only play I ever saw, I forget what they call it — there was a devil of a woman, weedled a young prentice lad to rob his master and kill his uncle — then the b — h peached and got him hanged — but she was hanged too, mind that miss, mind that — she's gone to the devil, that's one comfort — mind your pace, Miss Giddy, or with your vagabonds and your red coats, you'll go the same way — I wish your uncle was out of your clutches and safely housed, else in some of your figaries you and

† George Barnwell.

your

your loose companions may earth him, where my best terriers ——— cannot unkennel him ——— why do you bodder me with your outlandish names, let the fellow come within my district—his courage shall be cooled in the horse pond, my huntsman and whipper-in are excellent hands, shall give him the kennel discipline—zounds, (but that I should be hanged for) I would let the dogs eat him for carrion ——— Ife over much a man to strike a woman, but as I am a justice of peace, if you do not keep your tongue within your teeth, or give better language, will send out my warrant, and have you committed to the house of correction, there you will learn the ton for foul mouthed b ——— s and your Captain see how graceful you look beating hemp—there's tit for tat Miss, mind that.

Samuel Foxchase, Esquire,

And justice of the quoram.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Myra, from a man of quality

My dear, my love, my life,
WHERE shall I find words adequate to my feelings? what language can do justice to my enraptured heart, filled with thy loved image? Oh! Mira, is it possible that after all my watching fears, anxieties, weary days, and sleepless nights, I shall possess thee, call thee mine—you will be mine, you have promised, and thought but truth can issue from those balmy lips—mine by the dearest, by holy marriage mine. Talk not of want of birth and fortune; I have wealth enough for both, but could not enjoy it unless you shared it with me, thy virtue, excellent understanding, delicate sensibility, agreeable person, and a heart fraught with every virtue, makes thee worthy of
 a

a monarch's love. Believe me sweet excellence, might I possess the globe, and every star contained a golden world, and bounteous heaven would make me lord of all, I would not quit my Mira to receive the boon. Indeed I am tired of pomp and ceremony, the latter deprives me of the pleasure of conversing with the darling of my heart, this evening, dear girl take pity on me, and let me have a letter from you, banish reserve, and let it be the genuine dictates of thy matchless heart,—I will attend you to-morrow by twelve o'clock, farewell, may heaven preserve my angel, and all the guardians of the good watch round thee,

Yours, Molesworth.

LETTER IX.

The Answer.

YOU request what you might command; the unmerited praise you give, overwhelms me with confusion, yet is my foolish heart pleased that you are blind to its imperfections—you complain of the anxieties you have suffered on my account.—Virgin modesty and decorum occasioned that reserve, what a vain creature must I have been to think you would marry one so much below you; so every way unworthy of you; but as you are so condescending, every day of my future life shall be employed to promote your happiness, the most unwearied attention, tenderest assiduity, perfect obedience, are too little to pay the vast debt I owe you; not for the honour, the splendor, the riches you will confer on me, but a far more nobler gift, your invaluable heart, that's the treasure I blushing own I have long wished for. Your behaviour made an impression on my heart, e'er I knew it was love, when I did, the pains I took to

B

conceal

conceal it affected my health, and occasioned the illness that terrified you so much. Mercenary views in marriage I always despised? Heaven is my witness, were I of royal blood, and mistress of myself, and you the lowest mechanic—crowns and scepters should be despised—and to raise me to myself I would look down to you—I fear I have said too much, or that you should think that I have said too little—but when I am yours you shall know every thought of your

greatly obliged,
greatly honoured,
Mira.

LETTER X.

To Sarah Tinkler, at Lord R——'s, Newcastle upon Tyne.

Divinest of creatures,

I LOVE thee above all the sublunary worlds. Cupid's darts have pierced me so, my heart is like a cullender. Those eyes, like blazing stars, have set my soul on fire, I shall die if you do not take pity on me—thou art my idolatry—the most beautiful of Gods asses, I shall never forget the parting kiss, I feel it now thrilling through my veins as when I took it—The marrow of me was touched, and brain scorched—I pant, I rave, I die—thou art more than pope can express, or youthful painters fancy when they love—when we marry thou shalt know nothing but nectar ambrosial sweets—I got my brother's son the handycrafts-man to write this for me—but dited it all myself, let me have a speedy answer, or you'll commit murder on

your faithful
Joseph Sallemander.
LET.

LETTERS, &c.

15

LETTER XI.

Sarah's Finkler's answer.

Dear Joseph,

YOUR letter was so moving and so loving, I cried for joy over it—and I should longer but the player folks from York city are here, and my lady treated Jenny Hende and me to Romea and Juliet that night—just as I had put your fine letter between my stays next my heart, who should come in but my lords valedesham to go to the play with us,—he said I looked like an angel, and would kiss me—I could have spit in his face—I hate his kisses, they are like poison; thine sweeter than violets.—O what a bonny play it was, Mr. C——s was Romea, he is to be sure, a bonny man—but thou art all over charming,—I could take thee and cut thee out in little tiddy tady stars, and thou would make the face of heaven so bright, that all would be in love with thee that night. I have a tight memory, and love has taught me to be a versifyer—my starry Romeo, I will now always call thee Romeo, and at night when I go to bed sigh out come to my arms untalked of and unseen, as to being thine my eclastick* love I am so now in heart and soul, and when our family go to London we will be married as I have none to troubl me, dear heart my lady's bell rings I must run, I kiss the paper here, so thou do the same, and draw out the wafer with thy breath, our butler says, that is the right love way, my kind love and service to thy brother Sam.

No more at present, from

your true love,
Sarah Finkler.

* Extatic love.

LETTER XII.

From Mr. Meanwell, to a Young Lady.

Dear Ward,

—I hope my behaviour, since I become your guardian, has convinced you, I have your interest and welfare as much at heart as if I was your parent, about a week ago, Mr. R——asked my leave to make his addresses to you, he offered large settlements, and to give up the fortune your father left you to your mother. I declined giving him an answer till I had fully informed myself of his connections and character, the former are great, the latter, at present, very good, to be sure, when very young he was what they call a rake, but all young fellows are so, and he is now quite reformed. I have given him leave to wait on you, and hope you will receive his addresses as a prudent girl ought; the mediocrity of your fortune, my dear, makes me wish to see you well married, that fortune would be of singular service to your mother, the small income she has not being sufficient to support her in the manner she has been accustomed to live. Should sickness attack her, while you are single you have it not in your power to assist her, therefore you are in duty bound to marry Mr. R. if you do not, it will greatly disoblige your hitherto

affectionate guardian,

P. Meanwell.

LETTER XII.

The Young Lady's Answer.

Honoured Sir,

I Have a request to make you of consequence to my present and future welfare, it is that you will
not

LETTERS, &c.

17

not insist on my seeing Mr. R. till I have received an answer from my mother, to a letter I this day wrote her, in which I inclosed your letter concerning Mr R. Shall ever pay a proper regard to your advice, you have been a good and kind guardian to me, but a mother has certainly the greatest right to direct her child, particularly if that child be a daughter. I remain with the greatest respect and gratitude,

your obliged
affectionate ward,
Lucy Worthy.

LETTER XIV.

The Answer.

Dear Lucy,

I GRANT your request, thou art a good girl, and right in thy notions of duty; should have wrote to your mother myself but feared her false delicacy would not take my side of the question,
P. Meanwell.

LETTER XV.

Miss Lucy's Letter to her mother.

Dear and honoured mother,

I humbly request your advice, about the most important action of my life, marriage. I need not state the case, as I inclose for your perusal my guardian's letter and my answer, you have often Mama, bid me have no reserve with you,—I shall obey your commands, and in this important affair, lay my heart open to your inspection, I have frequently seen Mr. R. in public, his person is agreeable, his address polite, but there is something

in his eyes and countenance, that denote a proud passionate temper, and a revengeful disposition. If I was his wife I should be in terror every time he frowned. His large settlement has no charms for me, but his offer of giving my fortune to my honorable parents, what would I not do to see you in a situation worthy of you, yet to marry a man I can't love, for I am sure I cannot love him, is terrible, yet I may in time esteem him. I commit this affair entirely to your prudence and experience, your tenderness I doubt not of, and your commands shall be obeyed by

your dutiful and
affectionate daughter,
Lucy Worthy.

L E T T E R XVI.

Mrs. Worthy's Answer.

Thou dear, thou best of children,
NEVER more will I complain of my circumstances, thy duty and affection compensates for every ill, I thank you, my love for the confidence you place in me, never will I give you cause to repent it, you must not build too much on your skill in physiognomy, many have been misled by that. You are sure you cannot love Mr. R. perhaps you love another, if so Mr. R.—'s suit is at an end; I will insist on Mr. Meanwell's giving him a final dismissal—god forbid the first vow my child makes should be a false one; but suppose you love not another, if you love not him you forswear yourself, Love, honor, and obey are awful words if rightly considered, the latter is hard to put in practice, even where hearts are united, then how are we to do our duty when they are not? By the grace of God, you'll say. 'Tis presumptuous child to expect

fect his grace, when we perjure ourselves, even at his altar. Believe me Lucy, I would beg my bread from door to door, rather than my child should thus wound her salvation, but I hope better things—the almighty never deserts those who put their trust in him—were all these things out of the question—would not have you marry a rake, many have had their peace of mind broke, and their constitution ruined by so doing. The old saying, a reformed rake makes the best husband is idle stuff, can swine wallow in the mire, and come out undefiled? Can a man live in a scene of revels and debauchery without having his mind polluted? Can he daily converse with the lowest of females and think well of the sex? 'Tis impossible, he will at times suspect his wife though ever so chaste. She would not, says he to himself, have married me, if she had detested vice; but if he be a libertine, 'tis still worse, a man that will make a jest of sacred, nay if it be but holy things, can have no respect for his maker, and is daily crucifying his favour and bringing perdition on his own soul, that heaven would defend my Lucy from such a one, is the fervent prayer of her

affectionate mother,
Mary Worthy.

This letter will, I hope, not only be of service to my fair readers, but to the other sex, and whom the matrimonial bond lays under as great obligations in the sight of God. Miss Worthy was permitted to refuse Mr. R. she soon after married a tradesman whom she loved, and is tenderly beloved by, his fortune is not large, but her œconomy and his attention to business enable them to live genteelly. Her mother lives with them, and experience convinces them, the poet had some know-
ledge

ledge of the human heart, when he says, in the conclusion of a letter to his friend

But to make our lives delightful prove
Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

LETTER XVII.

A letter from a gentleman to his lady, after being eight years married.

My dear Nanny,

I yesterday received your affectionate letter,—had been uneasy at not hearing from you, but find by the date, I should have had it three posts ago—I am glad you have got Miss P—r with you, beg you will send for nurse and our child, the prattle of the latter will divert you in my absence. You surprise me about Mr. M ———'s going to be married to a girl of sixteen, he turned of fifty, struggling with a complication of disorders, and one half of the year laid up with the gout, he wants an heir to his estates, if he gets one 'tis likely to heir his disorders too. I hear the girl is a fresh coloured maiden, wild as colt untamed, so Doctor B. swears there will be children of some one's getting, the batchelors now seem to be toping it like nine pins in the matrimonial way, Frank B. was a professed marriage hater, and was afraid of being alone with a woman, as if she was a monster that would devour him. I am at Lady H ———'s. Miss M— Cupid enraged that Frank had so long denied his power, drew a dart, the best of all his quiver, and twang it went through both his heart and liver. Settlements are drawing, house furnishing, equipage bought, jewels, cloths, and all the parade of your modern marriages in great forwardness. I saw the lady yesterday at C— dressed in the height of the present taste, and is the most genteel

genteel looking lady I ever beheld. The servant waits to carry this to the post, so must conclude sooner than I intended. Mrs. H. sends her best wishes, her brother kisses your hand, hopes to do so personally in July. Your Charles longs to fold you to his fond heart—believe me thou best of women, when awake thou art never a quarter of an hour absent from the thoughts of your affectionate husband,
C. Dearlove.

P. S. As to C. and the house, I leave it intirely to you, your judgment is equal, if not superior to mine, and your prudence your happy Charles can rely on. Write by return of post.

LETTER XVIII.

The Answer.

My Charles,
YOUR letter was dear and welcome to me, as is every thing that comes from your hand. Miss T. and I laughed heartily about your friend Frank, and his manly lady, glad they are to be married soon, least love should consume him, for he has the appearance of dried stubble, Miss T. bids me ask you, if you think there will be heirs there—I have got our daughter and her nurse—the young lady is very much upon the moopish order, but we need not fear her lungs, for she makes the hall echo when she cries. The nurse is quite an original, and deserves notice. La Meme, may it please you, nothing could be more carefuller of Misses manners than I have been, was afraid she should learn vulgurality, so would not let her have any consanspondency with the neighbour's children. Excuse me, says I to neighbour Townsend, I don't

let my Miss be fermiller with any of your children. Her family is of stinction, she must learn to bemean herself according to it. I would brocade my door all day long sooner than she should get out, and perly with the kennel—one of Squire Charles's words, I think Meme—with a low curtsy. I find my sisters have mimicked her till they make use of her phrases when they wish not to do it. I am careful of the exotic in our dressing room, and diligent in my garden, all is in perfect health, but the latter will not exale its sweets till its master comes to scent its fragrance. My best wishes to Mrs H—, wish she had spirits enough to accompany Mr. B—r into Yorkshire. Tell that same B—r I design to roast him monstrously about his militia hobby horse, and if he don't turn well, will not give him one smile, but pout all the time he is with us, and not speak more than yes and no——don't look so arch, Charles, now are you saying, the dear girl will punish herself, saucy rogue, taciturnity is your portion—I, like a good wife, talk for both, but I will be revenged on you when we meet, for I will hang about thy neck till thou shakes me off—but to be serious, our landlord and his wife stoop now to the money, I have so flumtied him and viled her, that they are as supple as a glove——have consented to a lease being drawn, and have abated us 5l. a year——I made F. draw the lease immediately, lest they should change their minds—we signed and sealed yesterday, this I know will give my love pleasure—transporting thought—may I ever have it in my power to do so, then shall I rank myself amongst the happiest of the happy.

Your affectionate wife,

Anne Dear-love.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Dear Sally,

I know thou wilt be delighted to hear we shall be in Old England, in two months at farthest—I rejoice at it, not but I like these foreign parts very well, and could stay here all my life-time were thou with me, but without thee, there is no true pleasure—O! how I long to see thee, hug thee to my heart, and almost smother thee with kisses—your John's no changeling, but true to thee love, as the dial to the sun—master is purely mended with travelling and the water, at a place they call Aix, — he is very good to me, and says when we get home, he will settle something on me for my life, and if I marry, lett me the farm and Inn at York Gate; God blefs his generous heart, and increase his store—I will marry thee, Sally, as soon as master performs his promise, what signifies riches without good heart—content, which I can never have without thee, besides, thou wilt be a fortune of thyself, having such good hands at cooking——lord, what dost think they eat in France, thoult never be able to guess, so will tell thee, fricasee'd frogs, fryed mice, and snails stewed with spices—at first I was near hearted, but now can eat the snails very heartily—thou wilt want to hear something of our travels, but I have not time to write it now, besides when I get home, thou shalt sit on my knee, whilst I tells thee of all the fine things I saw, and I will have ten kisses at least for every pretty story, I have got a vast of pretty things, for the buying something at every great town, as love-tokens for my dearest——the garters thou knit for me, I have safe, would
not

not part from them for old gold——the mail is just going off, or would write more.

Your true and loving sweetheart,

John Trueman.

N. B. 'Squire Johnson will be here in three weeks, be sure write to me, he will give it me, safe.

L E T T E R XX.

The Answer.

Lovely John,

THIS comes with my hearty service to you, hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing, thank god for it——la, John am fit to jump out of my skin, that you are coming home, and with a sound heart, true to its first love——God reward master for his kindness——Nigar's that York Gate house is the very thing for me, will be up early and late, cook so daintily His Majesty, God bless him, might eat it——lord I thought I have split my sides with laughing at French folks' eating such nastiness——prithee, John, never eat like stuff again, snails are only fit for sumtive folks——long to see the fine things thou has bought me, and hear thy pretty stories, give thee ten kisses, yes, twenty, if thou art so minded——I be a virtuous girl, but thou then will be as good as my husband——mercy on us, thou has put such fine sayings in thy letter, I could not have made it out, but for our good housekeeper, she says thou art a good lad and greatly improved, bids me tell you she loves you as if you were her own son, and so by my truly she does, but I must go and make dinner ready, so no more at present,

From your loving friend,

And servant to command,

Sarah Haftwell.

T.

LETTER XXI.

To Molly Constant, *the Lady's maid.*

Dear Girl,

I COULD not meet you last night, as I intended, being invited to supper by Lady D—'s housekeeper, you must, child, give place to your betters without repining. I hope you are sensible how much I demean myself in courting you, I that am as genteel a business as any in town, you only a gentlewoman's abigail. Well, this love is a strange thing, and makes fools of the best of us. I may continue to keep you company if you be very humble, very obedient; but no crying, no whining, no talking of what I promised you, Cupid Polly laugh at lover's promises. If you ever mention such a thing again, you have seen your last of

George Proudfoot,
Shoemaker.

LETTER XXII.

Molly's Answer.

YOUR letter Mr. Proudfoot has well nigh broke my heart, what have I done that you should write me such a one? only loved you too well.

Why do you flout me with being an abigail, I am as good every day of the week as Lady D—'s housekeeper, a better sempstress I know I am, for I can embroider both in shades, silver, and gold, and she can hardly mend old linen. Oh! Mr. Proudfoot, there was a time when my company was preferred by you to every ones, would I had died before this change happened. I have shewn you as much respect as if you had been a

C

Lord

Lord; indeed if a Lord would have married me should have refused him for you; then do not be unkind; do not forsake me, do not break the heart of your loving

Mary Constant.

This letter had no effect on the perjured Proudfoot, he married Lady D—'s housekeeper for her money: poor Molly went distracted upon it, and in a fit of phrenzy threw herself into the canal in St. James's park. Proudfoot is as miserable as man can be, tortured by remorse, henpecked by a proud shrew of a wife. He has no resource but the ale house, and 'tis said, will drink himself to death.

LETTER XXIII.

A Letter from a young lady to Mr. ——— a stranger who had long pester'd her with his love letters, in answer to this last in which he had given her his address.

Sir,

YOU have at length done me a favor by giving me your direction, which enables me to return you all the billetdoux you have taken the trouble to write me, and to assure you that, after the first, I should not even have damaged the seals had not the superscription been always in a different hand, so that it was impossible to know whence or from whom the letter came.

I might well be dispensed with for not sending an answer to a man who is utterly unknown to me, and whom I cannot possibly encourage; but have complied with your request, to put an end to all future trouble on both sides.

I am

LETTERS, &c.

27

I am convinced, Sir, from the little share of reason I possess, that there can be but two motives for your romantic addresses; the hope of repairing, in my fortune, some defects which your own may labour under, or the caprice of amusing yourself at the expence of that vanity which you might expect to excite in me. But I am not to be made the dupe of either.

I have parents, Sir, who deserve, and have a right to demand my unlimited confidence: by them not only all my actions, but my will itself, shall be invariably regulated; and to that end I have intreated the favour of them to peruse, before I see it, every letter that may hereafter be directed to me.

This I am persuaded is the most effectual method a young woman can take to shield herself from the numberless artifices of designing men; and am likewise persuaded that those who have love for their incitement, and honour for their aim, will never be offended at it.

I am, as far as prudence permits, and good manners require,

Sir, your humble servant,
Letitia.

LETTER XXIV.

Tokens made use of on the absence of Lovers.

Sir,

Among the several ways of consolation which absent lovers made use of while their souls are in that state of departure, which they say is death in love, there are some very material ones that you may notice; amongst these, the first and most received is a crooked shilling, which has administered great comfort to our forefathers, and is still made use of

on this occasion with very good effect in most parts of Great Britain; there are some I know who think a crown piece cut in two equal parts, and preserved by the distant, is of more sovereign virtue than the former. But since opinions are divided in this particular, why may not the same persons make use of both? The figure of a heart, whether cut in stone, or cast in metal, whether bleeding upon an altar, stuck with darts or held in the hand of a Cupid, has always been looked upon as talismanic in distresses of this nature. I am acquainted with many a brave fellow, who carries his mistress in the lid of his snuff box; and by that expedient has supported himself under the absence of a whole campaign. For my own part, I have tried all these remedies, but never found so much benefit from any as a ring, in which my mistress's hair was platted together very artificially, in a kind of a true lover's knot. As I have received great benefit from this secret in absence, I think you'll acknowledge the favour received.

Your very humble servant,
Timothy Manypenny.

- “What pain, what racking thoughts he proves,
 “Who lives removed from her he dearest loves!
 “In cruel absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
 “And think on hours that will no more return.
 “Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of absence try;
 “Save me from absence, Love, or let me die.

LETTER

LETTERS, &c.

29

LETTER XXV.

To a Young Lady, on a promise of marriage.

My Charming Fair,

FOR every thing you do or say has a charm for me. These two day's absence has tortured me in love, it is an age, but soon I shall be my own master, or rather, your devoted servant. Fear not my constancy, I again repeat the solemn promise I the other night sealed on thy lips, to marry thee on Whitsunday, though I could not wait on you when you wished me, your dear idea was present to my imagination, nor could business drive you from my mind, but when in bed I indulged the luxury of thought, till sleep closed my eyes, and blest me in my slumbers. Fly swift, ye minutes, till the joys of imagination be realized. You Jessy first taught me what it was to love. With transport I remember the first kiss I took from those balmy lips, I felt, as Milton says, commotion strange, it swelled each nerve, and thrilled through every vein, and now I flatter myself, my sweet girl sympathizes in my feelings. Fear not, my angel to tell me. It is true I doat on thy person, but I revere thy mind, that illumined mind, that storehouse of wisdom. When you converse on any divine or interesting subject, with what energy you speak, your voice, your eyes, your every feature impress the subject on your hearer's hearts, for me, I am all ear, forget thou art a woman, and think thee something supernatural; can I then ever cease to love thee—impossible. Time may rob thy cheeks of their roses, that inestimable bosom of the lily, thy eyes of their dazzling lustre, yet they will be ever sweet, ever speak the language of a heart where softness and compassion reigns; and

they gaze on thy happy Charles beam love ineffable.

The transports of love we ne'er will deplore,
For we'll live on friendship when passion's no more.

Yours, and only yours,

Charles Sentiment.

LETTER XXVI.

Her Answer.

My very dear Charles,

HOW partial you are to your Jessy, had heaven made me what your fond imagination paints, then, and only then had I been worthy of thee, for thou art possessed of every divine, every moral virtue; honesty, truth, sensibility, and softness,—I speak in thy untaught looks, unhackney'd in the ways of men, unpolluted by their vices, thou art a prize so far above crowns, scepters, riches, and all the pomp of royalty, that queens from their exalted station, might look down, and sighing envy my humble lot. In compliance with your request, will develope my heart to you. I well remember the first kiss of love you ever gave me; exquisite were my feelings, from them I learnt, that what I took for friendship only, was blended with passion, since that time, your behaviour, your tenderness has raised you every day in my opinion, and now your affection is as necessary to my happiness, as the vital blood is to my life. I hope I do not cast a shade on virgin modesty by declaring, I am as impatient as yourself for the happy

happy day that shall make me your wife, a title I shall glory more in, than in any that ~~Heralds~~ can bestow, but yet there is something tells me, I never shall be so blest. Oh! my anxious heart, and yet you would not deceive me, but you may yourself, you have more liberty now than you formerly had, by going into public, you will see hundreds preferable to me, who have nothing personable to recommend me but youth, vivacity, bloom, and health. I conjure you, Charles, when you find any change in your heart acquaint me with it; I will release you from your promise, and though my life should be the forfeit, relinquish you to my rival, for I should be miserable, even in thy arms if thou wert not happy. Chide me not Charles, for my doubts, fears, and anxieties, reason those fears may disapprove, but ah! I fear, because I love. I long for the happiness of conversing with you, your presence, like the sun dispels the mists that cloud my mind, and rays of brightness break in the heart of your

faithful, affectionate

Jessy.

LETTER XXVI.

A curious Love Letter to a Lady.

Most amiable Madam,

AFTER a long consideration of the great reputation, that you have in this nation; for my own preservation, I have a great inclination to become your relation: and to give demonstration of this my estimation, without equivocation, I am making preparation, by a speedy navigation, to remove my habitation, to a nearer situation, for to pay you adoration, for the sake of conversation.

And

And if this my declaration, may but find your approbation, it will impose an obligation, without dissimulation, from generation to generation upon Timothy Obsecration.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Lady's Answer.

Man of Ostentation,

I AM filled with admiration, and fired with indignation, at your fulsome adulation, and deceitful laudation. I hope (to your mortification) have a great detestation, to the constant tribulation, and usual vexation of a conjugal station, and to hymen's abomination, love free evagation, without refranation, and have mighty delectation, in in every recreation, sans secret reservation.

You may save your versification, (devoid of adoration) your intended peregrination, or further application, for they'll meet with frustration.

Know my solemn protestation, my firm asseveration, and final adjudication, is to make no assipulation, or dull annexation, with a man not worth appellation, of age for regeneration.

When I incline to fornication, my plan of operation, is with a man of penetration, of vigorous corporation, a lover of association, and pleasing reditegration, yielding to gubernation; a despi-fer of recrimination, and all defamation, ready at vindication, without tergiversation.

I here send my negation, to your confabulation, all manner of replication, or any visitation, upon pain of castration, perhaps amputation, or total ruination; and leaving you to meditation, on all words ending in *ation*, till you exhaust the termination, I without alteration, for my own conser-
vation,

vation, sweet pacification, and real consolation,
shall continue my fixation, in perpetual aberration,
while there's any animation, in
Constantia Variation.

LETTER XIX.

(Love bade me write)

Sir,

WHEN I sat at the window, and you at the
other end of the room, by my cousin, I saw you
catch me looking at you——since you have
the secret at last, which I am sure you should never
have known, but by inadvertancy; what my eyes
told, was true, but it is too soon to confirm it by
my hand,

therefore shall not
subscribe my hand.

Wise Sentences on Courtship and Marriage.

LOVE, in some respects, is quite blind, in
others, too short-sighted——should at first be
considered as an intruder——as he behaves, he
should be allowed of, or discouraged, but the
young and unexperienced, should always be upon
their guard against him. If he once lays siege to
the breast, it is likely he will soon get possession of
the heart.

No disguise can long conceal love, where it is,
nor feign it, where it is not.

It is difficult to define love; we may say of it,
however, that in the soul it is a desire to reign, in
minds, it is a sympathy, and in bodies, a secret
inclination to enjoy what we love, after many
difficulties.

There

There are few people, who are not ashamed of their amours, when the fit is over.

To love, is the least fault of the woman, who has abandoned herself to love.*

Young women, who would not appear coquets, and old men, who would not be ridiculous, should never speak of love, as of a thing that in any wise concerns them.

Marriage.—Prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

A penny weight of love, is worth a pound of law.

A woman is to be absent from her house three times, when she is christened, married, and buried.

All women are good: viz. good for something or good for nothing.

Beauty in women is like the flowers in the spring; but virtue is like the stars in the heavens.

Beauty is vain! those pretty eyes may roll, Charms strike the sight, but virtue wins the soul.

Choose a wife rather by your ear, than your eye.

Enter upon love when you will, but give over when you can.

He hath tied a knot with his tongue that he cannot untie with his teeth.

He that goes a great way for a wife, is a cheat or means to cheat.

* Single views make men commit single crimes; but one vice makes women guilty of all; and the reason of it is, the general contempt and ill usage has made the consequence of the forfeiture of female virtue——for women, finding themselves irrecoverably undone by such a slip, and treated as if nothing could be added to their guilt, stick afterwards at no one crime, because they know they are thought capable of all.

If you make your wife a goldfinch, she may prove in time a wagtail.

Lovers complain of their hearts, but the distemper is in their heads.

Maids want nothing but husbands, and then they want every thing.

Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves.

She that loseth modesty and honesty, hath nothing else worth losing.

We batchelors grin, but you married men laugh till your hearts ache.

My son is my son, 'till he have got him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all the days of her life.

Before you marry, make sure of a house wherein to tarry.

Those that marry in haste, repent at leisure.

He that woos a maid, must come seldom in her sight,

But he that woos a widow, must woo her day and night.

Maidens must be mild and meek,

Swift to hear and slow to speak.

It is a good horse that never stumbles.

And a good wife that never grumbles.

Imitate what is good,

Correct what is amiss.

The JEWEES.

I heard that the Jews were amorous——it was my fortune to wait on a Jewess; I found her amiable

amiable ——— the only daughter of Solomon Goodluck, a Portugal merchant; she wanted nothing that wealth could procure, or which a fond father could devise, to make her happy ——— her temper was naturally chearful and her constitution hale; yet I was soon able to discern that she had a secret grief, which preyed upon her heart, and deadened every enjoyment ——— “it must be love” said I to myself, but on whom can she cast her glances; who would not return them with transport? Yet how idly I reason; may it not be some youth whom she is ashamed to own, Some well made footman, whose eyes seemed to say he could wish to serve her, and whom she is sensible could make her happy? some smooth faced, smooth tongued hair-dresser, who twisted her heart strings in turning her toupee? Or some jolly stay-maker, who melted her bosom in measuring her waiste.

One morning I heard her more early up than usual, and stole gently to her chamber door, when I saw her open a letter, and kiss it several times, bathing it with her tears, this occasioned my suspicions, without gratifying my curiosity; I was therefore attentive to the least circumstance, and was soon able to divine the mystery.

Her father set out that day for Bristol, upon some business of importance, recommending his daughter particularly to my care; for I was now become a favourite ——— the young lady and I spent the day together, more chearfully than could be expected, from what I had been witness to in the morning. In the evening, Mr. Commendeze, a young Portugese gentleman, whom I had often seen with her father, enquired for Miss Goodluck, and was immediately admitted: at his appearance her countenance brightened, and her eyes sparkled with a joy which she could not conceal ——— sen-
sible

sible that my presence must be disagreeable I withdrew, making my meaning understood by a significant glance, which he returned with a look of particular complaisance.

Things beginning thus to open, it was now my time for observation. After looking at each other in silence, for some minutes, with an impatience not to be described, they rushed mutually into each other's arms, and dissolved in tears of transport; then seating themselves on the sofa, they discovered the sensibility of their hearts and their mutual desire to please, by a thousand of those sweet nothings, those tender affiduities, which lovers only, know the meaning of, and which innocence can only enjoy.

If the libertine, thought I to myself, could see this soft scene, how would he form the lewd amour, the venal smile, the bought kiss, and all the unparticipated gratifications of appetite! if the poet could behold it, he would learn to lay aside his declamation, and confess the more pathetic eloquence of the heart, of looks, and sighs and tender mournings! yet love is sometimes eloquent, even in words, after seeming to labour for a time with the dear distress, and uttering some expressions which I could not hear, Mr. Comendze springs up and tenderly exclaimed, "ah! why was I born a Christian? Christianity is said to be the road to heaven; but my heaven is here, and it alone with-holds me from it — why am I not a Jew." "Alas!" said Miss Goodluck, how much more reason have I to complain! it is I that withhold you from it; it is I that am the cause of your misery: you can marry whom you please, I cannot; why was I not born a Christian? but had I been born a Mahometan, we might still have been happy. All religions but ours, leave the laws of nature free, under
D certain

"certain limitations, but ours ——— at once our
 "reproach and curse ——— oh! why am I a
 "Jew."

After these mutual lamentations, they lay for
 some time entranced in each other's arms ———

"but no religion can restrain the hearts," said he,
 recovering himself, and straining his mistress more
 closely to his bosom, — "we may still be happy."

"And would you purchase happiness, replied she,
 "with my dishonour?" "Alas! said he, my an-
 "gel, can you suspect me of baseness, but be not
 "imposed on by words; had I been a Jew, I
 "should have been proud to have made you my
 "wife, as a Christian, I cannot, unless you re-
 "nounce the religion of your fathers, or to speak
 "more properly, as a Jew, you cannot marry a
 "Christian: but love has united our hearts; na-
 "ture has formed us for each other's happiness,
 "independant of every law but her's, and shall
 "we delay to fulfill her purpose, because some of
 "the regulations of men interfere? ——— Because
 "priests have divided the faith of our fathers,
 "should they likewise divide our hearts? No; a
 "higher law than that of priesthood, orders us to
 "unite them to combine our affections, and make
 "our sensibilities the means of carrying on the
 "harmony of the universe; who desires us to se-
 "perate is an enemy to society, and ought conse-
 "quently to be disregarded, as interfering with
 "the scheme of creations, and opposing the pur-
 "poses of heaven; let us therefore yield to that
 "first command, which the divinity has written on
 "our hearts, and to which, our consenting feel-
 "ings bear testimony; let us not hesitate a mo-
 "ment to obey the great law of love."

"I will not hesitate a moment to die; but no-
 "thing shall ever make me live in shame ———
 "I feel the force of your reasoning; I should not
 consider

" consider indulgence as a crime; I am sensible
 " there can be no guilt, where there is no bad in-
 " tention, and no law violated. We are under no
 " engagements, and therefore cannot be criminal,
 " in indulging our affections, if we are true to each
 " other; but I could not stand the contempt of
 " the world, which is the infallible consequence
 " of such indulgence, as soon as known — — —
 " and to hope for secrecy is to dream of miracles;
 " nature herself, in all probability, would soon put
 " it out of the power of concealment. If the
 " sacrifice of love is essential to your felicity, let
 " me therefore make it, and expire."

" My felicity! cried he, my angel! must ever
 " depend on yours; but is there no way to unite
 " them, consistent with the interest of love? Must
 " we forever be debarred the enjoyment of those
 " pleasures to which nature has so strongly at-
 " tracted our hearts? Is there no hope that we
 " shall ever — — — must we still live in idea, is
 " there no prospect of realizing our happiness?"

" None, but what is injurious to love."

" Injurious to love! — can the end be injurious;
 " to the means? Can the fountain be hurtful to
 " thirst? What means my love?"

" What modesty forbids her to explain. Retire
 " for a moment, while I put my thoughts upon
 " paper, and return me an answer in the same
 " way."

He was shewn into another room, and she
 wrote the following letter, which I delivered.

L E T T E R XXX.

To Mr. Comendeeze.

YOU cannot conceive, my dear friend, how
 the gratification of love should be injurious to the

D 2

passion

passion———read and learn: I am just now courted by Zachary Trusty, who has my father's consent: shall I marry him or not? If I marry him, I can enjoy every familiarity with you, and, with proper precaution, elude discovery; but shall I not commit a crime against love? Will not our refined passions degenerate into gross enjoyments, that will be unworthy of the same name? Shall we not sink into mere animals, from enjoying the sensations almost of angels? Shall we not become contemptible in our own eyes, and to each other? ——— These questions will be difficult to answer, and may perhaps explain what you thought a mystery.

Yet hear the resolution of a woman: if your passion is too violent for restraint, if you would rather that I share the embraces of another, than not share yours, I will suffer that embrace rather than lose your affection; I will submit to him I scorn, and then must hate, that I may have it in my power to please him I love. But be sure of your heart, for if by that means I should forfeit your regard, I can have no consolation but despair. Think of this, in tenderness

To your affectionate

M. Goodluck.

After walking for some time, in great agitation, he wrote as follows.

LETTER XXXI.

To Miss Goodluck,

ALAS! my love, I can think of nothing; your letter has so disordered my brain, that I am altogether incapable of reflection. I am unable to live without you, yet I cannot consent to participate.

L E T T E R S, &c.

part your beauties with another; your regard for me only, could have led you to such a thought; let your regard for yourself extinguish it. I would be unworthy of your favours, if I could wish to share 'em on such conditions.

Yet, do not mistake me: I am sensible of your generosity; I am likewise sensible that nothing can alter my affections; but it would be madness to risk any step that might in the least endanger what I value more than life. Love is a tyrant, and will not permit even the shadow of a rival.

Let me therefore intreat you to withstand the offer of marriage, till we further consult our hearts, for I am almost distracted at the thought. I will rather retire with you to the wilds of America; I will rather renounce Christianity, and become, if that is possible, a Jew, than let any profane hand touch those immaculate beauties, while that heart bears testimony in favour of

Your gratefull,

Affectionate

D. Comendaze.

This letter I delivered to Miss Goodluck; she received with a trembling hand; changed colour several times in reading it; and at last desired me to send in Mr. Comendaze.

He received the information with a mixture of pleasure and anxiety; and approached her with a most respectfull air, somewhat verging on timidity; that, her frankness, however, soon dispelled.

"What inconsistent creatures you men are" said she, — "there is no knowing how to deal with you. Not an hour ago, you are all ardour; nothing would satisfy you but the possession of your mistress; for that purpose, you would even have exposed her to dishonour. You raved about expedients, and could not conceive that

"any means that led to the completion of your
 "wishes, could be injurious to your love; yet
 "when your enamorado has unbosomed herself,
 "when a fond deluded girl, has exposed to you
 "her whole heart, and proposed to you the only
 "safe means by which you can arrive at the en-
 "joyment of all your desires, you leave her to the
 "ignominy of having departed from the decorum
 "of her sex——

"Only to discover

"The coldness of her lover!

"Your purpose, indeed," added she——"to
 "retire to the wilds of America, because you
 "know I will not accompany you thither——
 "you talk of turning Jew, because you know it is
 "impossible, unless you could prove your descent
 "from Abraham. To what then shall I compare
 "you? What shall I think of your passion?——
 "the girl who is pleased with every cap but her
 "own, and the boy that must not enter the gar-
 "den, yet throws away the flower that is given
 "him, because he did not pluck it himself, can
 "only equal you in absurdity.——But why,"
 continued she, "do I spend so many words upon
 "a person unworthy of my notice? In how few
 "minutes may a woman be cured of love?"

He stood for some moments, thunder-struck;
 then recollecting himself, and looking at her with
 the most expressive surprize.

"Is it possible!" cried he, "you can be serious?
 "Can you not discover more passion in my ob-
 "nacy, than in any condescension which I could
 "have made? It is my excessive sensibility."

"I am sensible of it, my dear friend," inter-
 rupted she, "but I was willing to know whether
 "your affection for me, or, your love of pleasure

"is greatest; I therefore made you a proposal,
"which I should have despised you for accepting;
"I even went farther, I abused you for not ac-
"cepting it; you had the courage, however to
"withstand both, and are therefore entitled to
"my warmest regard; yet when I upbraid, I used
"only the language of the world; for be assured,
"that four women out of five, would have con-
"srued your delicacy into coldness; but I am so
"far of a contrary opinion, that, if you had con-
"sented to let me fill the arms of another, I had
"never filled yours; but I must tell you at the
"same time, that if I had made such an advance,
"when actually married, neglect had been no less
"criminal: neither of these however, is the case;
"I am free, and you are respected: let us there-
"fore think of some method of perpetuating our
"passion, and if possible, of rendering it honor-
"able. If you cannot become a Jew, there is no
"reason why I may not become a Christian Ca-
"tholic. Portugal would then perhaps, yield us
"an asylum, and my father in time, might
"relent."

"It was Heaven inspired the thought," cried
he, "and it will finish what it has begun."

At this instant, a rap came to the door, and
to our no small surprize, Mr. Goodluck entered,
supported by an old gentleman on one hand and
his servant Dick on the other. He had been
struck down by lightning, near an inn in the road;
and when he recovered his senses, found himself
attended by this venerable person, who proved to
be a Catholic priest.

Such an accident has a wonderfull effect upon
the mind; and the pious ecclesiastic took care to
make the most of it. Without seeming to know
Mr. Goodluck's religion, he insensibly wrought a
change in his principles; and when he understood
that

that his spiritual patient was a Jew, he exalted his misfortune into a miracle. He saw the hand of heaven in it: he enlarged on the goodness of providence, and gave broad hints, that if such a call was slighted, reprobation and eternal punishment must necessarily be the consequence.

Mr. Goodluck, who was rather of a timorous disposition, said little, but thought much. His spiritual physician observed the state of his mind, and resolved to complete his conversion, by artfully working upon his pride.

"Paul," said he, "met with such an instance of divine correction; he embraced the faith, and became the converter of many nations. Heaven only knows," added he, "what it intends with you; perhaps you are ordained to restore the Hebrews to the favour of God, and the knowledge of his Son."

At these words, Mr. Goodluck sprung up, embraced the priest, begged to be initiated in the mysteries of Christianity, and returned a member of the church of Rome.

Such was Dick's account of the matter, at which he was heartily concerned; for, being a strict Presbyterian, he thought there was more hope of the salvation of a Jew, than of a Papist.

But Miss Goodluck thought otherwise; she was overjoyed at her father's change of opinion, of which, he took care very soon to inform her, that she almost forgot the danger she had escaped. He asked her how she came so soon to reverence a religion, with which she was so little acquainted, and which she had always been taught to despise, she replied that she had long been secretly in love with Christianity, and particularly the Catholic worship. Joy spread from face to face: hymns of gratitude were sung—and Miss was baptized.

In a few days, Mr. Comendaze paid his address

dresser in form——Mr. Goodluck expressed his satisfaction, and the young lady, as may well be believed, was by no means inexorable.

I saw them wedded, I saw them bedded; I heard those murmurs of inexpressible delight, which hearts like theirs, can only feel; I sighed; I sighed god bless them, and wished for the bosom of a Comendeeze to learn mine.

LETTER XXXII.

(A Declaration of Love.)

Madam,

IT is an unsupportable misfortune that all declarations of love should be alike, and yet the passion itself so very different. The love I bear you, is infinitely above the common strain, and yet I can find no other terms to disclose it, than those which you are every day accustomed to. Therefore I entreat you, pay no regard to my words, for they are weak and may be faithless; but turn your attention if you please, to my behaviour, and if that convinces you of a sincere and lasting passion, I hope you will at length condescend to do me justice, and believe that since I can love with so much violence, where I have no encouragement, nothing will transcend my passion, when you please to make gratitude its motive.

Your much devoted servant,

L. G.

LETTER XXXIII.

To L. G.

Sir,

IF any thing is a hindrance to my believing you, when you speak of love, it is your speaking too

too

too well upon the subject — violent passions are full of confusion, but you have too much wit, and write more like a man who would be thought in love, than one who is really so; and since it appears thus to me, who would fain flatter myself that you are in earnest; what would be the opinion of those to whom your passion would be more indifferent; they would conclude you had a mind to be merry; but as I am an enemy to rash judgement, I accept the offer you propose, and will leave your behaviour to determine what sentiments you have for me.

Constantia.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Madam,

SINCE you consent to see me, notwithstanding it is impossible for me, either to see or write to you, without telling you I love you, I flatter myself that this letter will meet with no unfavourable reception; nevertheless I tremble for the event: and as love has always something to fear, am apprehensive, lest you may have changed your mind. Bese me therefore, I entreat you, of this cruel uncertainty! if you knew with what ardour I desire it, and with what transport I shall receive whatever comes from your hand, you would not think me unworthy the favor.

Your ever devoted

L. G.

L E T T E R XXXV.

To L. G.

Sir,

WHY should I change my mind? Indeed you are too pressing. Rest satisfied with the knowledge

ledge of your own power, nor desire a farther triumph over the weakness of another.

Yours,
Constantia.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Constantia,

My Charmer,

I wait your commands in the meadow, behind the grove, where I saw Dorinda——Dorillas, his daughter, entering with a basket of cowslips for Constantia, unnecessarily offering sweets to the goddess of the grove, from whence they (with all the rest of their gaudy fellows of the spring) assume their ravishing odours. I take every opportunity of telling my Constantia what I have often repeated, and shall be ever repeating with the same joy, while I live, that I love Constantia to death and madness; that my soul is on the rack, till she sends me the happy advancing word: and yet believe me, lovely maid, I could grow old with waiting here the blessed moment, though set at any distance, (within the compass of life, and impossible to be till then arrived to) but when I am so near approached it. Love from all parts, rallies and hastens to my heart for the mighty encounter, till the poor panting overloaded victim dies with the pressing weight. No more, you know it, for it is, and will be eternally

Constantia.

P. S. —Remember my adorable, it is now seven o'clock: I have my watch in my hand, waiting and looking on the slow-paced minutes. Eight will quickly arrive, I hope, and then it is dark enough

enough to hide me. Think where I am and
who I am, waiting

my dear, for
Constantia.

LETTER XXXVII.

To L. G.

Sir,

I have received yours, and heaven only knows (for lovers cannot, unless they loved like you and me) what pains and pantings my heart sustained at every thought they brought me of thy near approach; every moment I start and am ready to faint with joy, fear, and something not to be expressed seizes me; to add to this, I have busy'd myself with dressing my apartment up with flowers, so that I fancy the ceremonious business of the night, looks like the preparations for the dear joy of the nuptial bed; that too, is so adorned and deck'd with all that's sweet and gay.—— Oh! I find I am formed for being undone, and unless you take a more than mortal care of me, I know this night some fatal mischief will befall me, what it is I know not; either the loss of you, my life or my honor, or all together, which a discovery only of your being alone in my apartment, and at such an hour, will most certainly draw upon us:——death is the least we must expect by some surprize or other! my father being rash, and extremely jealous, and the more so of me, by how much more he is fond of me, and nothing would enrage him like the discovery of an interview like this——when he shall find his virgin daughter so retired, so entertained——what but death can ensue—or what is worse, eternal shame, &c.

Your unhappy

Constantia.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Constantia,

BELIEVE me charming girl, I live not those hours I am absent from you; thou art my life, my soul, and my eternal felicity; while you believe this truth, my dear angel, you will not entertain a thousand fears, If I but stay a moment (the appointed time)——your father will not come, as he is gone into the city.——I shall one day recompence all thy goodness, thy love and thy sufferings for thy eternal lover,

L. G.

LETTER XXXIX.

To L. G.

(She assures him of the continuance of her affection.)

Sir,

WHAT shall I say? I love you more tenderly than ever, nor can absence alter a heart which shall allways be yours, notwithstanding the endeavours used to rob you of it; the only recompence I desire for so perfect an affection, is, that you will sometimes remember the misfortunes which you innocently occasioned me: did you know what I suffer, you would pity a person who is only unhappy because she loves you.——Adieu, my dearest lover, was it possible I could die with grief, sure that fatal word would be my last! O heavens! are these the pleasures I expected from my journey? All my nights are spent in tears, and nothing can equal my affliction; for even the wretched liberty of weeping is denied me.——What pain attends a faithful passion! adieu once more, my dearest love, and believe that no words can express, how much I am, and ever will be

Yours, &c.

Constantia.

E

LETTER

LETTER XL.

To Constantia,

(After the Day of Marriage was fixed.)

My ever dearest love,

IT is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

A gentleman asked me this morning what news from Holland, and I answered she's exquisitely handsome; another desired to know when I had been last at Windsor, I replied she designs to go with me. Prithee allow me to kiss your hand before the appointed day, that my mind may be in some composure: methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

Your ever dear remains.

L. G.

LETTER XLI.

To the same.

Dear Creature,

NEXT to the influence of heaven, I am to thank you that I see the returning day with pleasure; to pass my evenings in so sweet a conversation, and have the esteem of a woman of your merit, has in it a particularity of happiness, no more to be expressed than returned; but I am, my lovely creature, contented to be on the obliged side, and to employ all my days in new endeavours to convince you and all the world of the sense I have of your condescension in choosing me.

Your most faithful,

And devoted servant,

L. G.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

My dear Theophilus,

I doubt not but you are grown impatient at my long delay in waiting: you must remember I told you in my last, that I had a matter of consequence on my hands, and with which I would inform you in my next. I will not keep you in suspense, but at once tell you, that yesterday morning, I gave my hand to one of the most amiable men perhaps existing and with whom, I apprehend it must be my own fault, if I am not as happy as mortals possibly can be on this side the grave.

My heart approves of that choice, which my parents and my governess have made for me, and it is to the constant and unwearied care of the latter that I am not only indebted for my present prospect of felicity in an amiable husband, but equally so for that love of virtue, that knowledge of the world, and the various dispositions of the human heart, with which she has inspired me. My brother cannot but suppose that I have but little time at present for writing; he must expect therefore to hear from me no farther, 'till he pays me a visit in person, which I expect very shortly. I wait for the day with impatience.

Your happy
Constantia.

LETTER LXII.

To Miss Dreadought,

YESTERDAY's post brought me a letter from your cousin, Captain S——, the contents both surprized and shocked me —— he told me, that being on a visit to your mama, a gentleman was introduced by the name of Rainsford —— he remembered to have seen three gentlemen, brothers, of that name, when we were at Tunbridge, one of which, was married to an acquaintance of

mine — how great must then be his astonishment to find you had introduced him to your mother as a single man! — infatuated girl! are you determined on ruin, did not you promise me at Tunbridge, that night, that would have been fatal to your honor, had not providence sent me to your relief, never to see or correspond with Rainsford more. Your youth and inexperience in the ways of the world, and the arts of man, when he means to destroy that innocence he ought to protect, made you then an object of compassion, but what can be said now, two years near elapsed since the Tunbridge affair; he's permitted to visit you — nay, you have the audacity to introduce him to the best and tenderest of mothers, as a man you meant to marry — my heart bleeds for her; for she gave you a religious education and an excellent example herself — what will she feel when she finds her only child, all she had to comfort her in her languid state of health, has forgot every duty, and likely, (if she is not already) to become a partner in adultery — a crime of so black a dye, that a mind that paid any regard to religious, or even moral duties, would be almost petrified with horror, to think of — your betrayer will laugh and tell you no one minds such things now — that mens' minds grow more depraved every age, is I fear too true — but that will not make vice a virtue — what's in its nature wrong, words may palliate, but no plea can alter: hope you are yet free from actual guilt, fly dear girl the occasion of it, let not one passion like Aaron's rod, swallow every laudable one — you have it Miss in your power, from your large fortune, to make some worthy man happy, choose one that has had a religious and virtuous education, let him have sense and an upright heart, but no bigot to any; yet I should wish him to have sensibility and good nature — then it would be your own

own fault if you are not happy, for believe me, who speak from experience, that marriage is the happiest state in this vale of misery, where hearts are united, and the basis of love founded on friendship — the acrimony of the world, cares, disappointments, may ruffle their minds for a short time, but cannot destroy their peace, they pour their griefs into each other's bosom, and each partaking, lessens the weight — have I not the tokens spontaneously from both, with softened voice, eyes glistening with virtuous love; have I not the — O gracious God! give us but health, and a decent sufficiency; let us grow kindly old in one another's arms — then have we more than empires can bestow; this Miss you may recollect, if you return to your duty and make a proper choice — that God would give you his grace, and direct you in the right path is the fervent wish of

Your humble servant,

A. Menter.

L E T T E R LXIV.

*A Letter from Captain S. the Young Lady's Cousin,
to Mrs. Menter.*

Dear Madam,

ALL here are in confusion, my aunt almost distracted — her daughter was yesterday brought to bed of a son! — who is the father I cannot yet learn: suppose they are fearful I shall call the villain to account, but if it be Rainsford, my sword may rest in its scabbard, for there could be no deception there, the girl knew from the first he was a married man — my father come here this morning; he and Lord J.....s are her guardians, and are determined to send her to the Colonies for she is fit to travel; luckily she wants two years of being at age, so they can keep her there till that time — hope the wretch will never return to England — perdition seize her, what a disgrace she has brought on her family;

but what have I said, pardon madam, the effects of passion and grief, my dear kind aunt, the doctors say, if this blow do not kill her, it will affect her senses——she almost idolized the girl——hope to kiss your hand on Monday——in my way to Portsmouth, your advice and soothing will calm the raging passions of my soul; your smiles cheer the heart of him,

Who is with the greatest respect,
And most perfect esteem,
Your adopted brother,

C. S.

Adventure of a Young Lady who conducted an unknown Person (by Night) into her apartment, believing him to be her betrothed Favourite, with whom she had made an assignat on.

I SHALL not here omit giving you an account of a happy love affair as perhaps has been met with a long time in Europe, which was transacted at Amsterdam not many years ago.

This great city (whose commerce renders it one of the most considerable sea ports in the world, being equally the seat and residence of Venus as well as that of Mercury) affords great numbers of the fair sex who are not less gallant than they who live in the most splendid courts of Europe: the vast riches and plenty with which that important place abounds, drawing to it all manner of pleasures, it is not difficult for persons of youth and gaiety there, to allow themselves frequently a full swing of its diversions, by falling into the allurements of love.

One of the celebrated Belle's of that town, whom nature has adorned with every thing which might render a person almost adorable, observed so many charms in a certain young gentleman of an equal fortune with her, that she could not deny him even her most signal favours, after she had once made him sole possessor of her heart :

this

this she did not bestow on him till after a long pursuit, but at length gave it him as irrevocably as the most solemn vows and protestations could bind. The faithful promise of marriage was mutually agreed to between them, so that from thenceforward they began to look upon each other as man and wife; and there being nothing now wanting but a consummation to compleat their joy, they flattered themselves that a speedy pregnancy might easily engage her parents to give consent to their public* nuptials

The day for executing an affair of that consequence being fixed upon, they resolved that the time for meeting should be about eleven of the clock at night, at which hour the fair one was to open the door herself, to let her intended husband into the house (if possible) without the knowledge of any person, and to conduct him forthwith to her chamber, where was to be performed what the most amorous hearts could ardently desire.

This resolution being taken, both parties endeavoured to be exact to their respective engagements; but Heaven, which oftentimes takes delight in frustrating the designs we most covet, ordered it so, that the gallant (by some unaccountable and unforeseen fatality) could not wait on the lady as he had promised, who kept her word more punctually than her friend had done, as you will find by the sequel of the story, which fell out (as near as I could learn) after the following manner.

I could never yet rightly be informed of the reasons which detained the lover from stirring abroad, in order to visit her who had the most tender regard for him: but this I am satisfied of, that she interpreted his absence in the most favourable construction; believing, that some very troublesome and unexpected business had fallen

* Political expedient used among the Dutch.

out to prevent him from being punctual to his time; which conjecture made her wait with the less impatience, till the happy and wished-for moment was come; to which end she had disposed of every thing in such good order, that as soon as she judged it to be near the hour, she kept a strict watch, the better to be in readiness to open the door to her admirer, as soon as he should appear. But alas! she was very much surprised, when she found the time was passed, and the person she sighed for not come; it is certain that one reason afforded her some consolation in spite of her first uneasiness; for as much as there happened to be a tumult at that time in the street near her house, she thought with herself, that for fear of being entangled in that broil, or at least to prevent being seen going into the house he had step'd aside to wait till all was pacified, at which time he might unobserved be at the place appointed.

These thoughts, probable enough in themselves, did for some time calm the disquietudes of the languishing fair, who with somewhat more patience than before, waited till the noise was over: But finding that (after every one was gone to their habitations, and the disorder at an end) he did not as yet come in sight, she began to be in the greatest uneasiness, and the vexation she felt at that time made her almost a burthen to herself; she would often put her head out at the window, to see if by chance she could perceive any body near the place; and as these kind of passions are generally very violent—they obliged her frequently to come down, that so she might the better see whether or no he might not lie hid in some by-corner, in expectation of the door's being opened to him.

The last search she made produced a quite different effect from what she expected; for having observed upon her opening the door, that there was a man hid under the benches near the trees
which

(which are almost upon the brink of the canal) she thought it must infallibly be her favourite, who (having no doubt a more than ordinary degree of courage) lay there so closely, lest that in his fury he might kill most of those that had been quarrelling just before; though in reality, the wretch was no better than an arrant poltroon, who fearing to receive some blows in the fray of the drunkards, had most courteously hid himself after that manner. However he was a young man of a pretty promising aspect, of a wealthy family, and one that had more good fortune than wit or honour as afterwards was but too apparent.

The belle (who was undressed almost to her shift) upon her half opening the door, and appearing like a goddess, or rather a good genius of the night, notwithstanding it was almost dark, called softly, and beckoned to the droll (who lay *pardu*) to come near her. Surprised to see so fine a creature inviting him to her, he supposed it must be some one that was mistaken in her man, by taking him for another; so that for some time he remained in suspense, whether he should approach her or not; but at length, finding himself more solicited to it than any reasonable man might expect from so charming an object, and imagining within himself that the worst that might befall him would be but a beating, in case he was discovered, he ventured to come near her; after which, she gently taking him by the hand, led him into the house, which he very readily suffered her to do, without being any farther entreated.

This prelude, to what was to come, being over, the lady softly bolted the door; after which, taking him round the neck, she eagerly embraced him, telling him a thousand tender things, blaming at the time his fear, and without loss of time conducted him into her chamber, where their friendship was to be further cemented. The darkness served not a little to assist this accidental fa-

vourite

ourits of love, insomuch that the fair one could not possibly be as yet undeceived, so that now every thing being propitious to him, he had the good fortune to find himself in possession of one of the most charming persons in Holland

There was no occasion here for many invitations to surmount the small remains of bashfulness which ladies have at the time when they are going to change their condition from maids into wives. Our adventurer getting soon into bed, and seeing that his happy stars had procured him so great a felicity, answered all her tenderness with as much warmth as possible, insomuch that our lovers began without delay to solace themselves with that which is the joy of kings, and the beggars only comfort.

The unwelcome dawning of the day at length appearing, which was to be the time of parting, our gallant began to think of taking leave; so that necessity preventing the lady from opposing so vigorous a separation, she consented to it with a regret easily to be imagined; but just as he was going to bid adieu in broad day-light (which gave her an opportunity of examining his face more attentively,) ye Gods! what tongue can express the surprise she was under! when finding the mistake, she thought she should at that instant have expired with the confusion she was in. She would in all likelihood have made away with herself, had she any thing to perform it withal, especially when she found that one who was an entire stranger to her, had received the last pledges of her love, and had deprived her of what was most dear to her. She remained for some time in a profound silence, and attempted to throw herself headlong out at the window, which her fortunate deceiver endeavoured to prevent, and comforting her the best he could, he represented to her that it was chance only (which having so ordered it) had a mind

mind to be more particularly indulgent to him, by guiding him to supply the place of one she loved, and whom she thought deserving of her favours; and as for any ill consequences that she might be apprehensive of from that adventure, he assured her he would be discreet and secret to the last degree, and would be entirely at her disposal the remainder of his life.

These promises did in some measure moderate the grief of the unfortunate fair; her reason representing to her view that it was an evil which could not be remedied, she now thought with herself, that she must make the best she could of her unforeseen disgrace; so changing her manner of discourse, she addressed herself to the too happy riser of her charms as follows: "I have now
 " but sufficient reason to afflict myself, seeing that
 " what I designed for the fulfilling of my promise
 " to my intended spouse, is fallen into the hands
 " of a person whom I never saw or knew before:
 " it is a most fatal accident, and not my own
 " choice; but what gives me the most uneasiness
 " of all is, to think of the uncertainty whether
 " or no my unguarded crime will be kept
 " as a secret, or else divulged. I am inclined to
 " believe you are too much of a gentleman to
 " be guilty of any ingratitude for the favours
 " you have received, or that you would be so ungenerous
 " (by making an ill use of a mistaken friendship)
 " as to endeavour to publish the excesses of it to the world.
 " Forgive a heart, who
 " for having loved too tenderly, took the least
 " precaution; for it is however in some measure
 " comforted, to think that the affair lies within
 " the breast of a man of so much honour as you
 " appear to be."

The youth, touched a little by these obliging words, strove to appease her grief, and dissipate her fears, by assuring her, that as there were themselves who knew what had been tr

so none else should ever have any knowledge of it. This he confirmed by a thousand protestations, entreating her free consent to a repetition of what had passed through mistake, might not now be wanting to compleat her blifs. This was likewise complied with. After which his new female acquaintance, the better to engage him to secrecy, went to her strong box, and taking from thence twenty gold ducats, presented them to him.

His base soul was so imprudent, that he made no scruple of taking them; whereas, had he been lord of the universe, he should rather have given it to her as a recompence. But what are not men (if they may be so called) of that monstrous stamp capable of? after he had greedily accepted of the guilt he immediately took his leave.

The secret of this adventure remained no longer as such with him, than till he met with one of his vile companions, to whom he discovered all that had happened; letting him know at the same time the name and abode of the person who had so bountifully received him. But heaven, that takes the cause of the innocent in hand, did not let this crime go unpunished; for the enormity of the fact coming to the ears of the magistrates, they fined him a very considerable sum; and the injured lady (notwithstanding her misfortunes) had the pleasure afterwards of possessing in marriage, him whom she loved and desired more than any thing in the world besides. The wretch that had so basely betrayed her, met with his deserved fate some years after from the hands of one he had affronted, who stabbing him with a knife as he was going home one evening to his house, left him dead on the spot, and instantly made his escape to a remote country.

By which we see that a perfect innocence and steadfast love meets one time or other with a due recompence, whatever malice or treachery may attempt to frustrate it.

T H E
BATCHELOR'S MONITOR:
 BEING, A
 MODEST ESTIMATE
 OF THE
 Expences attending the Married Life.

This Estimate supposes, that the marry'd Man actually receives 2000 l. with his Wife; and has, in the Compass of Fifteen Years, Eight Children; Four of which die, and Four only are alive at one time. In this Case, if he live with tolerable Elegance, his Expences will be nearly as follow; viz.

	l.	s.	d.
H OUSE-RENT at 40 l. per Ann.	}	49	0 0
Taxes, Ward and Parish-Rates, and Pew in the Church 9 l.			
Wages of Two Maid Servants, and One Man, with his Livery	}	22	0 0
Fitting up the House, on Madam's Reception, suppose only 50 l. (for Glazier, Carpenter, Joiner, Painter, Bricklayer, Mason, Plaisterer, &c.)			
the annual Interest	}	2	10 0
Carried forward			
		73	10 0

F

<i>Brought forward</i>		73	10	0
Repairs, Alterations, Glazing, White- washing, Painting, every third or fourth Year, suppose per Annum	}	5	0	0
Household Furniture, as Linen, China, Brass, Pewter, Beds, Chairs, Bureaus, Cabinets, Tables, Screens, Carpets, Glasses, Chests of Drawers, &c. &c. suppose 400 l. the Interest per Ann. (Principal daily impairing)	}	20	0	0
Plate, Rings, &c. suppose only 80 l. prime Cost, the Interest of which per Annum	}	4	0	0
Sunk by Fashion, to the Value of, per Annum	}	1	0	0
Firing, as Wood, Coals, Small-coal, &c.	15	0	0	
Tallow-chandler, Wax-chandler, &c.	12	0	0	
Butcher, at about 3 s. 3 d. per Day	60	0	0	
Fishmonger, including Brawn, Veni- son, &c.	}	12	0	0
Poulterer	-	12	0	0
Baker, including Flour, Oatmeal, Peas, &c.	}	15	0	0
Cheesemonger, with Bacon	-	7	0	0
Butter	-	10	0	0
Brewer, including Ale now-and-then, (if they brew at home, it can't be less)	}	15	0	0
Wine, Cyder, Rum, Brandy, Cordial- waters	}	35	0	0
Herbs, Roots, Green-pease, Beans, (tho' not in the best Season)	}	6	0	0
Grocer, for Loaf, Lump, and Powder- Sugar, Nutmegs, and all Sorts of Spices, Raisins, Currants, Rice, &c.	}	20	0	0
<i>Carried forward</i>		332	0	0

(63)

<i>Brought forward</i>		332	10	0
Tea, Chocolate, Coffee, &c.	-	20	0	0
Oilman, for Oil, Vinegar, Pick'les of all Sorts, Hams, &c.	- - - }	5	0	0
Fruiterer, for Lemons, Oranges, Plums, Peaches, Apricots, Cherries, Goose- berries, Currants, in early Season often, Apples, Pears, &c. for De- serts, &c.	- - - }	5	0	0
Washing and Laundry Business, with Soap, Starch, Blue, &c.	-	25	0	0
Physician, Surgeon, Apothecary (if Madam be vapourish or fanciful, it will be much more for herself and Children, the whole Eight being in- cludable in this Article)	- - - }	12	0	0
Christmas Donations more as a House- keeper than Batchelor	- - - }	3	0	0
Brushes, Brooms, Mops, Rubbers, Mats, Floor-cloths, Rotten-stone, Brick- dust, Sand, Fullers' Earth, Whiting, Ashes, also other Turnery-ware	- - - }	8	0	0
China-ware, Glasses, and Earthen- ware, annual Recruits	- - - }	5	0	0
Confectioner and Pastry-Cook, for Jel- lies, Conserves, Sweetmeats for Des- serts, Children, &c.	- - - }	5	0	0
Perfumer, for Essences, Powder, Hun- gary and Lavender Water, Elder- flower Water, Pomatums, Washes, Snuff, &c.	- - - }	3	0	0

Carried forward 413 10 0

Brought forward 413 10 0

Mercer, Draper, Shoe maker, Clog-
maker, Hosier, 'Tireman, Stay-
maker, Mantua-maker, Millener
with the long and costly Train of
Ribbands, Gloves, Laces, Fans,
Pilgrims, Capuchins, Tippetts, Vel-
vet and other Hoods, Scarves, Neck-
laces, Cambricks, Muslins, at a mo-
derate Computation, for Wife, and
for Four Children upwards of a Year
old } 90 0 0

Madam's Pocket Expences throughout
the Year, for Waterage, Coach-hire,
Chair-hire, for Visiting, and for go-
ing to Operas, Balls, Plays, Con-
certs, publick Shews and Spectacles,
publick Feasts, Vauxhall, Ranelagh,
&c. } 30 0 0

*And, for a Comfort in the Marriage-Life,
The little, pilf'ring Temper of a Wife!*

Parnell.

Lyings-in, at Eight in Fifteen Years,
Christenings, Midwife, Nurse, Caudle,
Hysteric Water, &c. &c. suppose
100l. the Interest of which, per Ann. } 5 0 0
If but Four Children living at one time
out of Eight, there must be Four Fu-
nerals, the Expence of which allow
at only per Annum - - - } 2 0 0
The Nursing, whether wet or dry, at
home or abroad, of the Eight Chil-
dren Part of the Time, of the Four
more constantly, suppose - - - } 18 0 0

Carried forward 558 10 0

	<i>Brought forward</i>	558	10	0
Schooling even in Infancy, with Presents for Entrance, Firing, and other Pick- pocket Articles for Four Children		10	0	0
Education of the Four Children as they grow up, One Year with another, supposing Dancing, Writing, casting Accounts, and not Music, which however, as also French, must often be taught the young Ladies		15	0	0
The Baby Catalogue, for Eight Chil- dren of a Year old or under, often recruited, and Numbers of most of the Particulars; <i>viz.</i> Child-bed Bas- ket, and Pin-cushion and Pins, Chim- ney-line, fine Satin Mantle and Sleeves for the Christening; Cradle and its Furniture, Biggins, Head- bands, Caps, Short-stays, Long-stays, Shirts, Waistcoats, Clouts, Beds, Blankets, Rollers, Mantles, Sleeves, Neckcloths, Shoes, Stockings, Bar- rows, Petticoats, Dimity Coats, Stays, Frocks, Bibs, Quarter-caps laced, Coral, Ribbands, Cap and Feather, Cloak, First Coat and second, Dozens for the Nurse, Anodyne Necklace, &c. suppose only per Annum		10	10	0
	Total	594	0	0

*Nor think th' Expences I have here laid down
A fond uncertain Notion of my own:
No! 'tis a Sibyl's Leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and sure; as the Decrees of Fate!*

Probable Expences, not brought into the Account.

Country-house, or Lodgings, perhaps Journeys to Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough; Chaise and Pair, or one Horse; possibly Saddle-horse for little Excursions; Riding-habits, &c. Card-playing, an Amusement that has banished the Needle, and many useful Employments, out of the modern Education for Ladies. Presents, as Watch and Equipage, Jewels, Laces, Rings, &c. Perhaps Lap-dogs, Parrots, Canary-birds, &c. To say nothing of the Chance of Extravagance, and other too common Incidents, which we forbear to mention out of Tenderneſs to the Ladies.

*Theſe, and a Thouſand, yet un-nam'd we find,
Ah! fear the Thouſand, yet un-nam'd behind.*

Parnell.

Let us now ſee what may be deducted from this heavy Charge, by ſuch Expences as a Batchelor muſt be at, who is ſuppoſed to have Chambers in any of the Inns of Court, or Lodgings in a private Family.

The general Charge, as before	-	594 0 0
I. The Rent of his Chambers or Lodgings per Annum	} 30 0 0	
II. To his Landreſs, &c.	- 10 0 0	
III. To Firing - - -	- 4 0 0	
IV. To Candles - - -	- 3 0 0	
V. To Board - - -	- 30 0 0	
VI. To Tea, Sugar, &c.	- 10 0 0	
Total	—	87 0 0
Which deduct from the above Sum the Difference will be againſt Matrimo- ny, per Annum	} 507 0 0	

N. B. Plays,

N. B. Plays, and Pocket Expences, Apparel, Linnen, Perukes, &c. to the Man, pretty much alike in both States; and not being estimated above, are omitted here.

From the above Estimate result the following Queries.

Query. What Room will there be out of all this for Children's Fortunes?

Query. What Reason has a Lady of 2000 l. Fortune to expect Settlements and Jointure, which are a further Cramp on the Industry and Circumstances of a married Man: Since the Interest upon the whole Fortune, at 5 l. per Cent. will bring but 100 l. per Annum; which will not defray the Expences attending her own Person only?

Query. From the Premises it will appear, that a Batchelor who is not a Housekeeper, may live more elegantly for 200 l. a Year, than a married Man can for four times the Income?

Query. Ought not the Ladies then, in Justice and Gratitude, to think themselves under great Obligations to Gentlemen who will marry them under all these apparent Disadvantages, and to be kind, frugal, and obedient Wives?

Query. And, in the preparative Courtship, ought they not to behave with Decency, Respect, and Openness of Heart?

If any Advocate for Matrimony thinks proper to hint at the Expence attending the Gallantry of some Batchelors, let him prove that Wedlock always prevents the like in a married Man: Or, that a vicious Batchelor must of Necessity be a virtuous married Man.

It must be own'd, that the above Estimate affords a very melancholy Prospect to one, who is a well-wisher to the State of Matrimony. To enliven which

which, therefore, we shall insert the following Lines, from one of our most celebrated Poets, who have treated the Subject with a greater Regard to experienced Truth, than to sœtid Severity.

Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way ;
Therefore 'tis not to be admir'd,
It should so suddenly be tir'd.

For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover;
Deserves for ev'ry minute, more
Than half a year of love before.

A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of our own procuring.
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him of himself t'apply ;
So men are by themselves betray'd
To quit the freedoms they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose.
They'd break 'em, after, to get loose.

Hudibr.

Few know what care a husband's peace destroys,
His real griefs, and his dissembled joys. *Dryd.*

Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,
Tho' pair'd in Heav'n, in Paradise, were curs'd :
He to God's image, she to his was made ;
So farther from the fount the stream at random stray'd
Not that my verse would blemish all the fair ;
But yet, if most be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware ;
And better shun the bait, than struggle in the snare }

Dryd.

For discord ever haunts, with hideous mien,
Those dire abodes where Hymen once has been.

Garib.

With

With gaudy plumes, and jingling bells made proud,
 The youthful beast sets forth, and neighs aloud;
 A morning sun his tinsel'd harness gilds,
 And the first stage a down-hill green-sward yields.
 But Oh!—

What rugged ways attend the noon of life!
 Our sun declines; and with what anxious strife,
 What pain, we tug that galling load, a wife? }

Congr.

Men, born to labour, all with pains provide;
 Women have time to sacrifice to pride.
 They want the care of man; their wants they know,
 And dress to please, with heart-alluring show;
 The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
 And make a servant, where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts,
 The drones, a loit'ring race, the painful bee supports:
 From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
 With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
 Fly where he will, at home the drones remain,
 Prune the silk dress, and, murm'ring, eat the gain.

Yet here and there, we grant, a gentle bride,
 Whose temper betters by the father's side,
 Unlike the rest, that double human care,
 Fond to relieve, or resolute to share.

Happy the man, whom thus his stars advance!
 The curse is gen'ral, but the blessing, chance!

Parnell.

THE

(70)

T H E
LADIES ADVOCATE;
O R,
AN APOLOGY FOR
MATRIMONY.
IN ANSWER TO
THE BATCHELOR'S MONITOR.

THE Author of the BATCHELOR'S MONITOR forms his calculation on this foot; That a married man actually receives 2000*l.* with his wife; and has, in the space of fifteen years, eight children; four of which die, and four only are alive at one time. In this case, if he live, says he, with tolerable elegance, his expences (according to particulars, which he gives) will be
per annum *l.* 594 0 0

He supposes next, that a batchelor in chambers, or lodgings, for all expences, except apparel and pocket-currencies, stands at no more per annum than

} 87 0 0

carried over 681

Which deducted from the above }
 sum, will leave against matrimony } 507 0 0
 per annum

This is his estimate ; but let us ask, what reason we have to confine the calculation to a bachelor in chambers or lodgings? And why should not a lady of such a fortune turn her thoughts from the *toupee-men*, and the *smarts*, on some man of genteel business, who has a visible way of livelihood, and is already a housekeeper?

In this case let us see how the account will stand, supposing, as the *MONITOR* puts the other case, the bachelor-housekeeper lives with tolerable elegance, and has a habitation worthy of such a wife.

	l.	s.	d.
I N the first place the bachelor-housekeeper cannot pay less, for his house-rent, in some high-street, and for parish due and taxes, than	49	0	0
He cannot have less than one man-servant, or porter, for his shop, and one maid-servant, their wages suppose	15	0	0
Repairs, alterations, &c. in his house, white-washing, painting, every third or fourth year, per annum	5	0	0
His furniture, linen, and bed; for he must probably have a handsome dining-room, and a spare bed-chamber, to receive a guest or country friend, suppose it will be but 200l. this is per annum	10	0	0

He

He must have a little plate, as spoons, mugs, &c. only suppose to the value of 20l. —————	}	1	0	0
His firing will hardly be less than —		8	0	0
His candles, in business, &c. —		8	0	0
His butcher, at 2s. 6d. per day —		45	0	0
His fishmonger, if he sometimes has guests —————	}	5	0	0
His poulterer, if ditto ———		7	0	0
His pastry-cook, if ditto ———		2	0	0
His brandy, rum, &c. if he make punch, for a guest, including oran- ges, lemons, &c. ———	}	7	0	0
Oil, vinegar, pickles, &c. —		2	0	0
His baker, with flour, pease, oat- meal —————	}	8	0	0
His cheefemonger, and for bacon		7	0	0
His butter — — —		4	0	0
His brewer, with now-and-then a lit- tle ale — — —	}	8	0	0
His wine, if he treat sometimes —		7	0	0
Herbs, roots, green pease, beans		3	0	0
For fruit, as apples, pears, plums, cherries		1	0	0
His grocer for sugar, of all sorts, in- cluding tea, coffee, chocolate, and what he drinks at coffee-houses	}	12	0	0
Washing and laundry business, with soap, starch, blue, &c. —	}	12	0	0
Physician, surgeon, apothecary		2	0	0
Christmas donations ———		3	0	0
Brushes, brooms, mops, and turners and chandlers articles ———	}	5	0	0
China, and earthen-ware, and recruits		2	0	0
		238	0	0

The married man's expences are estimated by the BATCHELOR's MONITOR, at	} 594 0 0
Deduct for the batchelor's expences	
	238 0 0

The difference is, per annum	356 0 0
------------------------------	---------

Now, as the batchelor, when he marries, lives proportionally better, and has his share of the additional comforts and credit resulting from the additional expence, we will consider the married couple as partners, in both, and divide this additional expence between them, which will be each

	178 0 0
--	---------

The Lady brings 2000l. fortune, which, though it will produce her but 100l. a year, while single; yet the man she marries must have forty business, if he cannot improve it 10l. per cent. which will bring in (and the principal, his own)

	200 0 0
--	---------

And this over-part of the matrimonial expences

	22 0 0
--	--------

Then her care and management in the family will certainly (if a woman of tolerable prudence) deserve her pocket expences

	30 0 0
--	--------

Thus will a lady of 2000l. fortune, pay her full half share, of all the matrimonial expence, which will be allowed a very hard case, (considering she is her husband's property, and could have lived cheaper as a single woman, than he as a batchelor) and what would make a sad argument to be insisted

upon by a batchelor in his courtship ; and will contribute also upwards of 50l. a year more towards his pocket-expences and apparel ; which must be defrayed, before her children and his will reap any benefit as to their fortunes.

Indeed, as to settlements and jointure, where (if a lady marries a citizen) the old city custom can obtain, we think they ought not to be insisted upon for a fortune of 2000l. But if they are, whose fault is it, if complied with ? And what is it that makes them insisted upon, when they are, but, generally, the faults of men ?

The Author of the *BACHELOR'S MONITOR* has an article, which he entitles, " Probable Expences, " not brought into the Account."

These are, country-house, chaise and pair, journeys to Bath, presents to his wife, &c. But will the husband allow these, if he cannot afford them ? Perhaps, says he, parrots, lap-dogs, canary-birds, &c. But these are not highly expensive. And if a lady has children, and her spouse gives her reason to love him, she'll have no parrots or canary-birds but them, nor any lap-dog but her husband.

As to the Author's other two common incidents, which his tenderness for the ladies will not permit him to mention ; we too might mention too common incidents on the other side, which we also forbear, out of tenderness to the gentlemen. And, indeed, as we have not mentioned what might be said of the worst of men, we ought not to hear of the vile practices of the worst of women.

And

And now, in our turn, let us put the following
Queries.

Q. 1. **W**Hether, in the first place, admitting the monitor's estimate to be true, it be not out of all doubt, that a lady of 2000 l. fortune, or any fortune, that will not produce an income of near 600 l. per annum, joined to her husband's, ought not to despise those batchelors in chambers, or lodgings, who have nothing they can call their own, but their vanity, conceit, and arrogance; who possibly run in debt, in hopes of a fortune with a wife to pay it; and who think their own sweet persons a sufficient balance for all she can bring them?

Q. 2. Whether then, of consequence, if a lady be disposed to change her condition, she ought not (in a kingdom like this, where trade is the glory and support of it) to chuse a man of business and credit, who either is, or has means to be, a house-keeper; and so is enabled to support, at least, his part of the expence of a married life?

Q. 3. If it be not the grand purpose of life, the end of nature, a debt to the common-wealth, and to posterity, and a justification of one's own parents, to marry? And is not the institution that of heaven, and of the laws of the land?

Q. 4. What would have become of the objecting batchelors, had their fathers been blest with the wit and discretion of their sons, and forbore to enter into this state, because they would be the drones rather than the bees of society?

Q. 5. Are not the clothes a lady wears, the children she bears, and her own person too, all her husband's?

Q. 6. Does not a lady forsake her own friends and family, give up her very name, to build up a

husband's family, and propagate a name not her own ?

Q. 7. Does she not make him a much more useful and considerable member of the common-wealth, than he was before ? and advance proportionably his credit and reputation ?

Q. 8. Does she not greatly secure his morals from the temptations laid in his way by the vicious of both sexes ? and does she not hereby lay a foundation for his future as well as present happiness ?

Q. 9. What a blessing then is a prudent and good wife to a husband ? and even were he to be mistaken in his choice, is not that chargeable on his own passion or indiscretion chiefly ?

Q. 10. How many men and their children have been raised in the world, after their own indiscretions, perhaps, had sunk them, and had places and preferments conferred upon them, solely because of their intermarriages with the daughters of good or prosperous families ? and may not even his business be benefited by her relations and their acquaintance ?

Q. 11. Ought not all these considerations to exempt these amiable creatures from the jests of half-wits, whole-rakes, ingrates, and inconsiderates ?

Q. 12. Or should they, who bring so many blessings and benefits along with them be grudged the little innocent diversions, which are so necessary to alleviate the hardships to which they are subject both by custom and nature ?

Q. 13. Would not many prudent ladies chuse to live single and independent, were it not for the oaths, the vows, the promises, the supplications, the flatteries of the men ; who, many of them, before-hand, meanly sue for favour and acceptance to a deserving object, over whom they afterwards tyrannize

rannize with a baseness peculiar, in both states, to
sordid and low spirits?

Q. 14. Upon the whole, let us ask, considering
the premises, if a lady of a less fortune than 2000l.
has not the disadvantage, and that very greatly, in
matrimony? and whether, on that account, the
lawyer's assertion, that marriage (with or without
fortune, in the lady) is the highest consideration in
law, is not reason, as well as law; especially if the
lady by her prudence, œconomy, and obliging be-
haviour, makes herself deserving of that esteem,
which a worthy man will always pay to a discreet
wife?

*Addressed to Mr. M—n, of Epfom,
From some maiden ladies, who, from the continuance
of the American war, were fearful of not being
married.*

THanks, Rev. M—n, for your sacred advice,
That from scripture foundation, has taken
its rise;

Allowing each man to have wives by the score,
And oft, as he pleases, redouble his store.
How lucky for us, who might ne'er have been wed,
Had this fruitful project not enter'd your head:
To your laws we submit, thou most able divine!
And are thoroughly pleased with your skillful design.
The men became scarce, we were left to despair,
But since your wise maxims, we hope for our share.
What numerous matches from hence may ensue;
And all these great blessings, descended from you.

ITALIAM.

On Miss SALLY T——.

COME gentle Truth, celestial maid,
Descend with lightest wing ;
Assist me with thy kindest aid,
My Sally's charms to sing.

Her lips were like the honey-suckle,
When pastur'd by the bee ;
Her breath, ambrosial sweets distill'd,
At least, it did to me.

Dear, lovely girl ! 'tis thine to please,
The mistress, or the wife ;
'Tis thine to pour oblivion's balm,
On all the cares of life.

In thee, what artless grace unites,
With sweet simplicity :
Yet, shame to tell ! the senseless swain,
Nor yield to love, or thee.

Oh ! had I known some happier lot,
Than that decreed by fate ;
Content with thee, to pass my days,
A stranger to the great.

Sweet as the flowers that deck the spring,
And sweet the honey'd bee ;
Sweet are the notes the woodlarks sing,
Far sweeter thou to me.

To a YOUNG LADY.

OH! let the tremors of a heart,
 That love has taught to beat
 To thee, a kindred glow impart,
 Or soft compassion meet.
 T'admire thy form's to shew just taste,
 Since that's proportion true;
 And as thy mind's by virtue grac'd,
 To love, is but thy due.
 Then take a heart so justly your's,
 That beats for you alone;
 Reflect, what torments it endures,
 And ah! bestow thy own.

On POLYGAMY.

RARE news, my lad! each man may wed
 More wives than one—and who
 The truth disputes?—Madan has said,
 'Tis law and gospel too.
 Wou'd king and parliament agree
 Our birth-rights to restore,
 The holy priest may then have three,
 Or if he please—a score.
 But let him ponder well in mind,
 How far his strength will go:
 For should this fail him, he may find
 In ev'ry wife a foe.
 This way, or that way, or which way we will;
 What wou'd comfort the one—t'other wife wou'd
 (take ill.

Verses to a YOUNG LADY.

DEarest girl, while each heart you ensnare,
 Attend to the theme of my lay;
 Though the blossoms of nature you bear,
 Those blossoms must fall to decay.

The lily that decks the gay field,
 And the rose-bud, are kill'd by the blight ;
 Both are spurn'd, when no longer they yield
 Those charms, which first tempted the sight.
 Shall that face be o'er-veil'd with a frown,
 Where the Graces in dimple do dwell ;
 Or that bosom (much softer than dawn)
 Be steel'd 'gainst the truths which I tell ?
 'Tis nature that pleads her own cause,
 Through the voice of your long tortur'd swain ;
 She prompts you to taste of those joys,
 Which Hymen and beauty ordain.
 The spring is the harvest of life,
 Be wise, while the season is new,
 We have years of contention and strife,
 But our moments of pleasure are few.
 Then catch at the wing of Old Time ;
 May each pinion experience impart ;
 And the precepts we gather from him,
 Let us plant and improve in our heart.

*On seeing the following lines at an inn in Roch-
 dale, Lancashire.*

*" A lover overlooks those faults which every one
 " else sees plainly ; and discovers graces, which
 " none but himself can perceive."*

NO faultless fair is to be found ;
 No woman all-compleat :
 Tho' partial Fame her praises sound,
 You think she'll prove a cheat.
 Who dare deny what you advance
 On supposition—good ?
 For ransack Britain, Spain, or France,
 Their dames are flesh and blood.

Yet,

Yet, should a lass of mortal mould,
 With love inspiring eyes,
 And tresses rich in native gold,
 My easy heart surprize;
 Whose snowy neck's by all confess'd,
 The emblem of her life,
 Soft as the cloud Ixion press'd,
 For Jove's immortal wife.
 Should I admire a nymph like her,
 Who every grace dispenses;
 Wou'd you, unjustly, thence infer,—
 Your friend had lost his senses?
 In beauties, as fine pictures, you
 Some trivial faults may find;
 Should those escape my gen'rous view,
 Wou'd you pronounce me blind?
 To the wise sage's searching eyes,
 Unseemly spots appear
 In that bright orb who lights the skies,
 And guides the circling year.
 As bright as he my Stella shines,
 Her blemishes as few;
 And those, her native wit refines
 Above the nicest view.
 Wisdom and love in this agreed,
 Their equal pow'r confess;
 Nor think those blemishes decreed,
 To make their brightness less.

VERSES *addressed to STELLA, by her lover complaining of absence.*—*STELLA was at that time in great grief for the loss of a female friend, with whose mother she was; therefore, could not permit the gentleman's visits.*

WHERE woods surround, and purling riv'lets
 flow'd,
 And lavish Nature every charm bestow'd;

Beneath a shade, on a mossy rock reclin'd,
 Alexis vents the anguish of his mind.
 Accept, dear maid, the Muses tender lay,
 That fondly strives to sooth thy cares away :
 O ! if my lines could lull thy thoughts to rest,
 Your humble bard would be supremely blest.
 Declining Phœbus, with refulgent rays,
 Diffus'd a glimm'ring lustre through the sprays.
 Sad Philomella's mournful strains
 Enchanted ev'ry warbler of the plains ;
 When sad Alexis, with melodious moan,
 Made ambient grots echo, " Stella's gone !"
 Fade, fade, ye flowers ! be wither'd ev'ry tree !
 Your blooming sweets have now no charms for me :
 As some soft ring-dove, of its mate bereft,
 To wander in the grove alone is left.
 Thus ever sad, joyless, and forlorn,
 Bereft of Stella, to the winds I mourn.
 Go balmy gales ! go bear my sighs away !
 To Stella's ear, my plaintive notes convey.
 Say, how for her I quit each lively fair,
 And spend the day in solitude and care.
 Say, how for her Alexis pines with grief ;
 Say, how from her Alexis begs relief.
 But say, my charmer—dearest Stella say !
 What happy lawn invites my fair one's stay ?
 What enchanting scene attracts thy sparkling eye ?
 Haste, Stella, pass the dear delusion by !
 Haste, Stella, haste, to bless a wretched swain !
 When thou appear, I shall forget my pain :
 One smile from thee, will every grief remove,
 For, ah ! I live not but in Stella's love.
 Blest with each grace, and all the will to please ;
 With wit sweet temper'd, and polite with ease ;
 With grace the mind to raise, with grace unbend,
 To charm each circle, or to fix a friend,

Such Stella is—such will be the maid,
When all her lilies and her roses fade.

ALEXIS.

A SONG STELLA *made extempore, address'd to a*
YOUNG LADY *just come from Ireland, where she*
had left her lover.

SYLVIA, why that cloudy forehead?
Why so vainly cross thy arms?
Rouse each dull and drooping spirit,
And resume thy wonted charms.

See from far the nymphs resorting
To our gay, our happy plain;
Jocund swains around thee sporting,
Pleasure every where does reign.

Lay aside that air too serious,
Which our shepherds can't approve;
Melancholy's too imperious;
Bid adieu to that and love.

STELLA.

The following VERSES were wrote by a LADY at
LIVERPOOL, *on the DEATH of a GENTLEMAN,*
who had long loved her, and to whom she was
under a promise of marriage.—The gentleman had
met with a great deal of ill usage, which threw
him into a languishing disorder, which soon brought
him to the grave.

STILL the dull bell rings in my trembling ear,
And fondly sickens over Belmont's bier.
Ye weeping Muses, tune the mournful lyre;
Goddeſs of wiſdom, my ſad heart inſpire,

To

To sing thy worth, thou injured, helpless youth,
 Thou miracle of constancy and truth;
 No more, my Muse attempts the sprightly string,
 Votary to woe, I'll solemn dirges sing;
 While poignant grief, and every cheerless power
 Shed deeper horrors on the midnight * hour.
 Friend of my heart, my Charlotte now appears
 With looks disorder'd—cheeks bedew'd with tears;
 For well she knows what fine sensations move
 The heart that's fill'd with friendship, grief, or love;
 Even Nature's self does Belmont's loss bewail,
 Weeps in the stream †, and languishes in the gale.
 Luxuriant Mersey ‡ spreads the tale around
 "Belmont is dead!" her bellowing rocks resound
 Ah! what did thy superior worth avail,
 It could not o'er thy cruel foes prevail?
 Most wretched made by them that gave the breath,
 Pursued by malice to the gates of death;
 There, only there, the painful scene was o'er,
 Thy wrongs forgot, and anguish wept no more.
 In the cold grave, my much-lov'd Belmont sleeps,
 No more with pallid care, long vigils keeps;
 And there shall sleep in equal night in-urn'd,
 The friend that lov'd him, and the foe that scorn'd,
 There, even my heart that pants from sense of woe,
 Shall cease to grieve, my streaming tears to flow.
 This weary clay, to death's cold arms assign'd,
 Shall give to kindred skies the immortal mind:
 Oh! may we meet in that blest place above,
 Where all is perfect harmony and love.

STELLA.

* The gentleman died at midnight.

† It was a calm, though rainy night.

‡ Mersey, Liverpool river.

A S O N G.

WHAT means this passion strange,
That captivates my breast;
From morn to eve I range,
But never can have rest.
It follows me where e'er I rove,
Can this strange passion be called love?

When Damon meets my eye,
With trembling I am seized;
He gages, and I sigh,
Yet am with sighing pleased.
Whate'er he does ne'er fails to move,
Can this then be the passion love?

When e'er I Damon meet,
What transport fills my heart;
His converse is so sweet,
I grieve when he departs.
Does this convince, this symptom prove,
That what I feel is the passion love.

A S O N G.

I ONCE was a maiden as fresh as a rose,
And as fickle as April weather;
I lay down without care, and I wak'd from repose
With a heart as light as a feather.

I work'd with the girls, and I play'd with the men,
I was always a romping or spinning;
And what if they pilfered a kiss now and then,
I hope it was not very great finning.

H

I mar-

I marry'd a husband as young as myself,
 And for every frolic as willing;
 Together we laugh'd while we had any pelf,
 And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.

He's gone to the wars—Heav'n send him a prize,
 For his pains he is welcome to spend it;
 My example I know is more mettry than wife,
 But, Lord help me, I never shall mend it!

**LUD DON'T YOU KEEP TEAZING
 ME SO.**

WHEN Strephon the rover first Phillis address'd,
 He took her to wake and to fair;
 He bought her gay ribbons to wear at her breast,
 And thus whisper'd the nymph in her ear:
 To my passion be kind, gentle pity bestow,
 But the maiden's reply to young Strephon was no;
 Lud don't you, lud don't you keep teasing me so.

The youth who such coyness had oftentimes seen,
 Ne'er heeded the maiden's reply;
 But returning one eve from the dance on the green,
 He reliv'd t'other effort to try.
 So he kiss'd and he press'd, crying pity bestow,
 But the maiden reply'd, pray have done Strephon do;
 Lud don't you, lud don't you be teasing me so.

Opposition like this to his passion enhanced,
 That he swore without her he should die;
 Then an offer of marriage he fairly advanc'd,
 And she said in a month she'd comply.
 But he begg'd her to church the next morning to go.
 She blushing assented; the reason I trow
 Was to keep him from teasing her so.

THE MAID TO MY MIND.

I HAVE seriously weigh'd it, and find it but just,
That a wife makes a man either blessed or curs'd;
I declare I will marry; Ah! can I but find,
Mark me well ye young ladies, the maid to my mind.

Not the pert little Miss, who advice will despise,
Nor the girl that's so foolish to think herself wise;
Nor she who to all men alike would prove kind:
Not one of these three is the girl to my mind.

Nor the prude who in public will never be free,
Yet in private for ever a toying will be;
Nor coquette that's too forward, nor jilt that's
unkind,
Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

Nor she who for pleasure her husband will slight,
Nor the positive dame who thinks always she's right;
Nor she who a dupe to the fashion's inclin'd;
Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

But the fair with goodnature, and carriage genteel,
Whose husband can love and no secrets reveal;
In whose breast I may virtue and modesty find:
This, this, and this only's the maid to my mind.

The CRITIC.



First and second couple change sides ÷ the same
 Back again ÷ lead down the middle, up again,
 and call off ÷ hands 6 round ÷

BROCKETT HALL.





The first gentleman swing the second lady with his right hand and then his partner with his left ÷ the first lady do the same ÷ lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, hands 6 round ÷

ADMIRAL RODNEY'S TRIUMPH.





First and second couple change sides, the same
back again ÷ lead down the middle, up again,
and cast off ÷ allemand with your partner and back
again ÷ right and left at top ÷

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.



Lead down one couple, cast up and turn ÷ the
second couple lead through the top, cast off and
turn ÷ first, second, and third couple promenade
round ÷ cross over one couple and turn ÷

Mis. M.L.

Mrs. MILNER. DELIGHT.

A musical score for a song titled 'Mrs. MILNER. DELIGHT.' The score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The notation is somewhat faded and there are some ink smudges on the page.

Cast off one couple, the gentleman turn the
 third lady, and the lady the second gentleman :
 the couple and turn : : gallop out now, that is
 and turn : :

BOYNON. DELIGHT.

A musical score for a song titled 'BOYNON. DELIGHT.' The score is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The notation is somewhat faded and there are some ink smudges on the page.



Allemande to the right and cast off : allemande
to the left and cast up : lead down one couple, up
again, and cast off : right and left at top :

LE PULLEY'S FANCE.





Hey contrary fides ÷ then hey on your own
fides ÷ lead down the middle, up again, and cast
off ÷ hands 4 at bottom right and left at top ÷

The LONDON MILITARY ASSOCIATION DANCE.



Right hands half round, left hands back again
÷ lead down the middle, up again, and cast off ÷
allemand with your right hand, then with your left
÷ right and left at top ÷

WILLY'S



The first gentleman foot to the second lady and
 then the first lady foot to the second gentleman
 and then they contrary side, then on your own
 side or cross over hands & at bottom, right and
 left at top ::

HAR-

HARLEQUIN NEPTUNE.



The first gentleman turn the second lady; the first lady turn the second gentleman; cross-over one couple right and left.

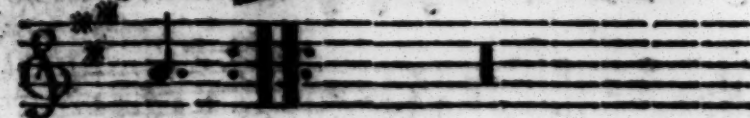
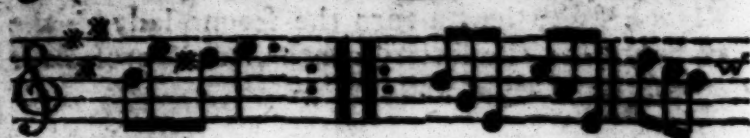
BEGIN THE DANCE.





Hey contrary sides ÷ then on your own sides ÷
the first, second, and third couple promenade all
round ÷ lead through the bottom and cast up, lead
through the top and cast off ÷

CHIT CHAT.



Right hands across, left hands back again ÷
change sides and back again ÷ lead down the
middle, up again, and cast off ÷ allemand with
your partner ÷



